

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## THE MASKED MEN OF LAND'S END

### HIDING KNOWLEDGE IN THE CRYPT

To Be Opened After  
6177 Years

#### A CURIOUS IDEA

In one of his loveliest poems James Elroy Flecker addressed himself "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence," and from it we take these lines:

*Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.*

Dr Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University in Georgia, is taking practical steps to interpret the present to the future. He wants the people of many thousands of years hence to understand the life of 1937.

#### The Chamber in the Rock

To this end he is constructing, under the University library, a large chamber, hollowed out of the bedrock granite of the Appalachian Mountains—a safe depository. It is to be lined with slate and sealed with a tablet of stainless steel, requesting future generations to leave the crypt unopened until 8114 A.D.

His plan is to stock this chamber with every record that can picture American life in 1937. Gramophone records and sound films will preserve the voices of Roosevelt, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, as well as those of crooners and actors and people of other representative classes. Thus the future, he hopes, will learn something of all sorts and conditions of present-day men. News-reels will immortalise baby contests, football, baseball, ship launchings, industry, Spain's Civil War, and political campaigns.

#### Will He Succeed?

Dr Jacobs will deposit encyclopedias, text books, models, drawings, photographs, novels, and biographies. He will ask publishers for special editions of magazines, books, and newspapers printed on time-proof material. Manufacturers will be requested to supply working models of engines.

Will Dr Jacobs succeed? Will the world live on for yet another 6177 years, to make his records available for supermen in 8114 A.D.? We do not know, but while mankind survives poetry will live. Let us quote again, this time from Oliver St John Gogarty:

*What should we know,  
For better or worse,  
Of the Long Ago,  
Were it not for Verse:  
What ships went down,  
What walls were razed,  
Who won the crown,  
What lads were praised?*

Let us hope that men of today are writing verses as imperishable as those of Homer, Virgil, Horace. These need no crypt to save them for posterity.



A Race With Her Shadow—Skating in the winter sunshine at Hastings

### GOOD GANGSTERS Benevolence By Stealth

#### FERGUSON'S MEN AT LAND'S END

Where the cliffs of Land's End front the Atlantic is the headquarters of Ferguson's Gang.

The gang took possession of the Mayon cliffs between Land's End and Sennen Cove early last year; but they did not keep it for themselves: they handed it over to the National Trust in keeping for England for all time.

Now they have broken out again by buying another fifteen acres of the Atlantic frontage, and handing that over to the public to join their first gift. Forty acres of the Atlantic coast is now free for ever from the bungalow, the publichouse, and the tea-shop. (We wish we felt sure that it was free for ever from the litter lout.)

#### Beauty Not Booty

The gangsters follow the best precedents in their operations. They let nobody know who they are or how they acquire possession of their booty—for which perhaps a better name would be Beauty. Men and women among them (for both are members of the gang) wear masks to conceal their activities when they come into the public eye. In general their emissaries are only seen, when, still masked, they enter the offices of the National Trust in Buckingham Palace Gardens to hand over bundles of notes to pay for their Cornish holdings in instalments.

The last of the instalments reached the Trust when it was holding its annual dinner. A messenger from Ferguson's Gang was announced as having arrived with an urgent communication for the secretary, who found it to be a cigar wrapped up in a hundred-pound note.

Ferguson's Gang has no official residence, and its membership is secret. If it ever holds a meeting it is to exchange a stealthy smile at the success of its operations, and if it ever has a password it would be the Latin tag with such a good ring for the public good in it, *Pro bono publico*.

#### A SHIRT FOR YOUR BACK

Shirts are in the news again, in spite of the Act of Parliament regulating them. The Japanese traveller finds his clothing supplied by his hotel much as the Englishman finds towels.

Two hundred New Yorkers have now gone a step farther by consigning their shirt worries to a shirt rental company, which agrees to supply its customers with as many clean shirts a week as their subscription fee calls for, and to see that these are mended or replaced.

Each customer's name is stamped on his shirts, so that the man with a 17-inch neckband does not find himself trying to wriggle into a Slim Jim's shirt.

### FOUR LIBRARIES FOR FIVEPENCE

**M**ONEY is a form of power, and rightly used it can do much good. Thought also is a form of power, and a good idea with very little money can do more good than a great deal of money used stupidly.

William Buffington, a poor millworker in South Carolina, had only ten cents, but he had the idea that he wanted to organise a library for his Negro friends. He invested his small capital in five stamps and wrote to five people asking if they had books they could spare for the Negroes to read. If they could not send any books, he said, would they help the movement by sending him a stamp so that he could write to someone else.

### NEWS FROM FAR AWAY

**W**E are apt to picture America as the land where modern mechanical contrivances have come most fully into their own. This tale from Glassy Mountain in South Carolina throws light on the other side.

Making his rounds as School Superintendent in this mountainous region Mr George Brown chanced to talk to the pupils of the High School about the two modern inventions which should do more than any others to help the different members of the human family to become acquainted with each other—Kinema and Wireless. He noticed a blank look on his listeners' faces. "We don't see any movies here, and there is no wireless," their teacher explained. "We haven't even a barber in these mountains."

Mr Brown carried this bit of news back to town, with the result that nine

schools clubbed together to give their mountain neighbours a Christmas treat, inviting them to Greenville for a great gala day, beginning at the barber's in the morning, and finishing with a party at which the wireless and the kinema both displayed their wonderful capacities for unifying our world.

One letter brought him a thousand books! The question then was where to house them. Timber was to be had for the asking, so William Buffington, the white man, and a crew of his Negro friends set to work and built a log cabin to hold their books—their first library! Books kept coming in. A branch log cabin library had to be built, then another and another. Today four libraries are serving an appreciative Negro public in the backwoods of South Carolina, all because Willie Buffington, as his friends call him, had the small sum of ten cents, plenty of energy, and a good idea.

#### THE PLANE IN PEACE

Civil aviation and its influence on the life of the Empire is the subject of an exhibition to be opened next month by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

There will be a big model of a fully-equipped modern airport; numerous models of civil planes, photographs, and other exhibits showing the many ways in which planes are helping the life of the world.



## THE SHADOW OF THE SPANISH WAR

### Position of Other Nations

#### WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MOROCCO?

The British Government, in its great desire to end the Spanish war and to preserve the neutrality of all other Powers, has made a new proposal.

Some time ago the Government proposed that all nations should prohibit the sending of munitions to Spain; now it proposes that they should prohibit the enlisting of volunteers. Most nations at present have groups of their nationals on one side or the other in Spain, some hundreds, some thousands; and it is this outside intervention that keeps the war in being. Our own Government has made it illegal for British subjects to volunteer, and has sent a note to all the Powers asking them to take the same action, and to reply immediately.

At the same time a new situation causing great anxiety is arising in Spanish Morocco, where Germany is said to have been landing troops and sending submarines. The French Fleet is expected to appear off Morocco, and much uneasiness is felt throughout France. The situation is all the more perplexing because any Power owning and fortifying the coast facing Gibraltar would be able to menace the route to India.

## A ROMAN TRIUMPH

Ras Imru is learning from the Italian conquerors of his country that the way of the patriot is hard.

He fought for Abyssinia. He risked his life for her by continuing to resist the invaders when all was lost except honour. When all but he had fled the Italians took him prisoner, and have treated him, not as an honourable foe, but as an impenitent rebel.

They sent him to Italy, and, to mark the Italian displeasure at his long hostility to their occupation, are imprisoning him on an island. There he will be able to reflect on modern methods of warfare, and compare the treatment of a conquered chieftain with that employed in ancient Rome, when the fallen patriot was dragged in chains behind the chariot of the conqueror.

The old Roman cry of "Woe to the Conquered" has not changed much in two thousand years.

## THE PRINCESS IN THE GOLD COACH

Princess Juliana of Holland's House of Orange is now Princess of Lippe-Biesterfeld as well.

A golden sun shone on the golden coach of the Princess, with her wreath of orange-blossom for an Orange bride. It was the prettiest sight, and in the beautiful city of The Hague it must all have looked like a fairy tale.

All people will wish the royal bride and bridegroom well, and Great Britain will not be last in her congratulations, for this Princess is one of that House of Orange from which our William the Third descended, and in the defence of whose Principality of Orange in France, as well as of the Netherlands, he struggled with Louis the Fourteenth for long years.

## IN MEMORY OF THE WISE MEN

In memory of the Wise Men who brought their gifts to the Child in the manger at Bethlehem, the King last week offered gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at the Chapel Royal, St James's Palace.

The gifts were contained in square pouches of crimson velvet and taken to the chapel by two Gentlemen Ushers, being received by Prebendary Percival and laid on the altar.

## Farewell

To Brother André, the  
St Francis of Montreal

He was over 90 when his life of simple goodness came to an end. But during his lifetime hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of the world came to see him at the shrine he had raised on the slopes of Mount Royal in sight of Canada's Laurentian Mountains. They saw a small, frail, humble man performing while his health remained the most lowly and menial tasks with piety and devotion. But he had the gift of encouragement to all in need, and none went away without his blessing.

He had been a hard-working lad, too poor to pay for the education to become a priest; and so he remained for forty years a porter at the gate of a boy's school, where he scrubbed the floors and patched the clothes. But even in this lowly task his inborn piety shone through, and so many parents came to seek his counsel that he asked permission to put up a shrine for prayer on Mount Royal, out of his scanty savings.

He built it, a mere wooden hut, and there it remains to this day, like the little cell of St Francis at Assisi inside the great church. It is his monument.

To the Curé of Ypres,  
Charles Camille Delacre

The Curé of Ypres was one of the heroes of the war who stuck to his post when all around him was falling in ruins. After the first battle of Ypres the city, deserted by the opposing armies, still supported in its cellars and between its broken walls a derelict population of 10,000 during the winter of 1914-15.

Bombardment, starvation, and disease took its toll of them; but the Curé of Ypres went among them, helping the sick and needy, seeking out the children. In a ruined convent he dwelt with his curate and a few nuns; and during long months wherever a 17-inch shell fell on some crowded cellar there he followed, first on the scene, digging, rescuing, consoling, by night or day.

He went through a typhoid epidemic; he organised a food crusade; he was the last to leave the ruins. He was one who fought the good fight; and when at last he retired to end his days as director of an orphanage at Bruges the children used to swarm about him in his rose garden to ask his goodnight blessing.

To Engine-Driver David Hughes, who  
has taken his last journey at 92

For over 40 years he was in the service of the Great Western, and for part of the time he drove the royal train, receiving gifts from nearly every European monarch, including the Kaiser. He drove Queen Victoria's funeral train from Paddington to Windsor; and now the signal has been given, and Engine-Driver Hughes has gone on to his last station.

To Professor Henry Tonks,  
a great figure in English art

He was the Head of the Slade School for twelve years. Austere in manner, he won the hearts of all his pupils, for he had the gifts of humour and sympathy. As a painter he excelled in firelit interiors peopled with human beings who had always something tender and wistful about them. Some of his work is in the Tate Gallery, where a few months ago an exhibition of it was held—a high honour indeed, for only one other man, Mr Wilson Steer, has been thus honoured during his lifetime.

## ENGLAND PLEASE COPY

A thing of beauty and a joy for ever is a tree, and an avenue of trees is one of the noblest sights in all the world.

The people of Southern Rhodesia know this, and for Coronation year they propose planting an avenue of flowering trees along the 14 miles of road from Fort Victoria to the famous Zimbabwe ruins.

Will England please copy? We know hundreds of miles of English roads where avenues of stately trees could well be planted so that in years to come our children might rise up and call us blessed.

## HOW LONG? News For the Home Office

Once more we have a piece of tragic news for the Home Office.

Little Valerie Jones has died in Bootle General Hospital from burns caused by a celluloid rattle.

It is a terrible thing that a life like this should have been cut off, and all the more terrible because it would never have happened if the sale of celluloid toys were forbidden.

How long must we wait for our Home Secretary to wake up to this continual tragedy, or for our members of Parliament to realise their responsibility for such a death as that of little Valerie Jones?

## SHORT SPEECH ON A CAR

### A Match For the London Policeman

We have always thought that for geniality and good humour the British constable has not his like in the world, but it would seem as though he were matched by the policemen of Odense.

This little Danish town has for some time past banned all street noises and strictly prohibited the sounding of motor-horns. Copenhagen has so far passed no such regulation, and cars coming from the capital are a continuous trial to the guardians of law and order in Odense. Yet they do not lose their temper, as is proved by an incident related by one of the offenders.

Having shot noisily past a corner according to his habit, he was compelled to stop by a constable on point duty, who then stepped up to his car and, courteously raising his hand to his cap, delivered the following address:

Now tell me, why must you gentlemen from Copenhagen sound your horn all the time? Believe me, you can drive a car just as well without making all that noise. If you will take the trouble to look round, you will see that there really is no occasion for all this hooting. There is no one to hoot at, so to speak. Take my advice, and give your horn a rest while you are in Odense.

What, after that, could the gentleman from Copenhagen do but smile back, raise his cap, and drive on warily and silently.

## GOOD FOR FRED PERRY

When England's Fred Perry turned professional his legions of admirers reversed their tennis rackets and sighed.

But they will scarce forbear to smile again at the news that he won his first match against the redoubtable Ellsworth Vines under the electric arc lights of Madison Square Garden, New York. The smile is not merely one of satisfaction at his victory over the American, but arises out of the prediction made by Big Bill Tilden before the match began that Vines would "murder him."

In this way Tilden proves, not for the first time, that if he was the world's foremost tennis player he is America's worst critic; and as for Fred Perry, we may be glad that in spite of all temptation to belong to another nation he remains an Englishman.

## SHE DOES NOT FORGET

We hear that for 16 years Hull's Post Office Memorial to the men who fell in the Great War has been decked with flowers.

There is never a day when they look neglected, and all who enter the Post Office from Alfred Gelder Street must have noticed the beauty of the flowers in the porch.

Every week Mrs Watson cares for them, doing it in memory of her boy who was reported missing in 1916 when only 19. Her care of the blooms has been her tribute to his memory.

## TURKEY APPEALS TO THE LEAGUE

### France and Her Mandate

The Turkish Government has made the approaching surrender of her Mandate over Syria by France an excuse for the demand for separate treatment of the Sandjak of Alexandretta, a port adjoining Turkey's borders.

The population, Turkey claims, is 80 per cent Turkish, but it would be a minority in the new independent Syrian State and would not receive the fair treatment and protection it has enjoyed under the French Mandate.

The Turkish Government has referred its case to the League, but the visit of President Kemal Ataturk and his ministers to the military headquarters nearest to Alexandretta and a violent campaign against France in the Turkish press have caused the French Government to fear a resort to force.

Turkey, however, has been so loyal a member of the League that she is unlikely to take the matter into her own hands.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Stanley, Annfield Plain, and Tanfield, in County Durham, are to pool their resources to build a swimming-bath at a cost of £100,000.

Mr Roger Hesketh has given £3000 to preserve the botanical gardens at Southport as a memorial to King George.

A seam of coal only two feet below the road has been found at Rotherham in Yorkshire.

Mr Christopher Stone's Christmas broadcast appeal for wireless sets for the blind has brought in £10,000.

One of the pupils in a Lancashire evening class is 81. She is Mrs Dorothy Bromiley, who is learning needlework.

Mr W. Billows, a Yorkshire man, has completed 60 years as a ringer in the belfry at Skipton Parish Church.

The biggest crowd ever seen at Sandringham gathered in the park on Sunday to see the King and Queen.

## THINGS SEEN

Wild primroses blooming last week in the highest village of Wales.

A Red Admiral flying at a window looking out on a frozen pond.

Fifteen thousand mulberry trees being planted for the Lullingstone silkworms.

A London bride going to her wedding in a hansom.

Starlings born in December in a nest at Cowes.

## THINGS SAID

The methods of awarding the School Certificate Examination no longer serve the best interests of secondary education.

200 Secondary Schoolmasters

Canada desires before all else the preservation of the unity of the British Empire, because it is our conviction that its preservation is the most important factor in the peace of the world. Canadian Minister in Washington

Of late there have been signs that we still have our desire to maintain at all costs what is right. Bishop of Salisbury

I should like to see temperance advertising with the same wit and humour as the liquor trade.

Mr Hugh Redwood

The Bible is one of the best books in the boy's bag, and the boys enjoy its tales.

Mr Clay Jenkins

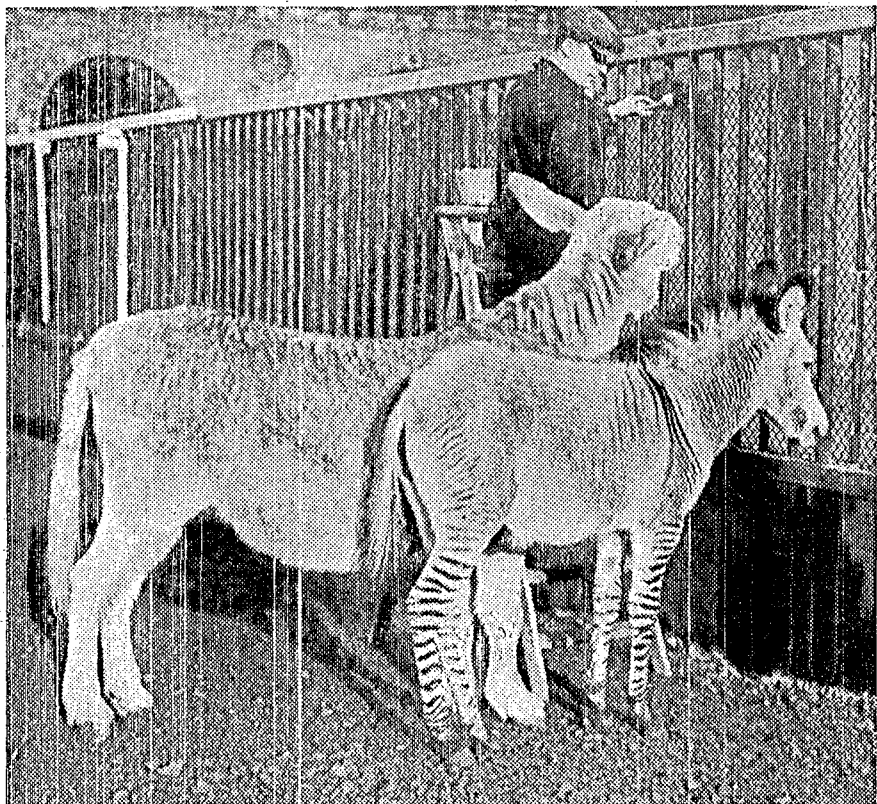
Large numbers of people prefer to wait for the bus and will not travel by tram. Manager of Manchester Transport



# Painting a Parrot • Riding in the Park • Chess By the Sea



Anticipating Spring—A merry group of boys and girls in a Manchester park



Wet Paint—The Circassian donkey and her foal show interest in the painter at the London Zoo



In Hyde Park—A happy group of riders in Rotten Row



A Study From Life—The parrot's bright colouring should rejoice this young artist



Chess Enthusiasts—Two old sailors of Broadstairs passing the time away



Tea-Time—Toddlers in the Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre at Chelsea



## LOST EXPLORERS RETURN

### Journeys in the Untracked Wilds

#### SOMETHING NEW FROM AN OLD STRANGE LAND

From Papua, one of the last regions of the world remaining unexplored, comes always something new.

Seven months ago Mr Ivan Champion, a Papuan magistrate, set out to cross the last bit of that mysterious land of mountain, forest, and Stone Age men which no white man had ever seen.

His party went by way of the Murray Mountain, intending to descend from there into the wild valleys of the Kikori and Purari rivers and come out by the coast. For seven months not a whisper was heard of their whereabouts, and it was feared they had been lost.

Mr J. G. Hides, who travelled north of the same region eighteen months ago, came back with wondrous tales of a Papuan tribe hidden in a mountain valley, who came to meet the explorers with daisies in their mops of hair and stone axes in their hands.

#### Convicts as Carriers

They were fierce and not too friendly, though Hides and his party escaped from their valley without hurt. When nothing was heard of Mr Champion's expedition for so long it was feared it had come to harm at their hands.

Nothing of the kind happened. From first to last Mr Champion's party had no difficulties except those of the untracked wilds through which they journeyed. He had only one white man with him, his friend C. T. Adamson. His 27 carriers were all convicts from Port Moresby gaol. They behaved splendidly, and fully deserved the remission of their sentences which they had earned when they came back.

To these Papuans it was an entertainment, but for anyone else it would have been hard-going, and very slow. Two months passed before the Leonard Murray Mountain was climbed. Five months were spent in crossing 90 miles of forest, jungle, and swamp; and of that time 26 days were occupied in trying to cross the Kikori River where it roars through a limestone gorge.

#### Over a Limestone Range

By this time the supplies the party carried were running low. They had to make friends with the natives about Lake Kikubu, which is half a mile above sea-level and surrounded by high mountains. But these were quite inoffensive, and sold them sago to eke out their diminishing store of rice.

From Kikubu they trekked north over a limestone range 8000 feet high, and found in the Wahgi Valley a track followed by Mr Hides the year before, which led to a still higher mountain. They spent a night at 11,400 feet, where the water froze in their buckets.

After that a milder journey awaited them. They descended to grass valleys, climbed a plateau where nobody lives, and crossed the Wili River. More native villages were found, but all friendly, and friendly native guides finally led them over plain and valley to the Purari River. Here they found canoes, and got home in time for Christmas.

#### BURNING THE FURNITURE

The Russian steamer Maronych has lately reached Dundee 17 days overdue.

She had been battling against high seas, and had steamed on and on till all her coal was used. To keep up steam the crew fed the furnaces with chairs and tables, boxes and derricks, wooden covers and furniture, but when all the fuel was used up the ship was still far from the haven where she would be, and for six days she drifted at the mercy of wind and tide till help came.

## RUSSIA MAKES HER OWN RUBBER

### The True Way To Prosperity

Over half the rubber used in Russian industries last year consisted of synthetic rubber made in the country.

It is now anticipated that this year Russia will advance to third place in the world's production of rubber.

The secret of her success lies in the synthetic process, all rubber tubes and rubber boots made at the big Red Triangle Works in Leningrad being now made entirely of the synthetic material. Many of the tyres produced at the Gorky Automobile Works are 100 per cent synthetic, having proved their strength in a 6500 miles test last autumn.

#### THE SHUNTER AND HIS FRIENDS

Times are not what they used to be for town sparrows.

In the good old days there were horses in the streets, and oats were often falling from nosebags; but now the motor-lorries leave only petrol fumes behind.

A shunter at Leeds in Yorkshire knows this, and every morning he is greeted by sparrows whose nests are on the housetops in the drab district known as Holbeck. Long before most folk are astir the shunter is sharing his breakfast with his feathered friends, scattering crumbs in a safe corner of the railway siding. Trains rattle by, and there is the clanging of metal and the rumble of wheels within a few inches of the town sparrows, but all is well.

#### WE LIKE BUTTER

We eat more butter than any other European country, and more than America, but not so much as they consume in the British Dominions.

Our home consumption is 25 lbs a year for every head in the country, man, woman, and child. In New Zealand and Ireland they eat 40 lbs a head. The American figure, surprisingly, is 18 lbs. British consumption is increasing, but there is room for improvement. Germany and France are far behind us.

Of cheese Continental countries eat more than we do, Switzerland leading with 18 lbs a head, while we consume only half of that.

The price of butter and cheese, after falling in the depression, has recently advanced, and prices will probably rise still more and thus check consumption.

#### NEW GLORIES FOR OLD YORK

Visitors to one of York's most famous buildings will before long see something new on the old walls.

The fine stone stair to the Council Chamber of the old Guildhall is to be decorated with a frieze showing the arms of the more important of York's old craft guilds, of which there were once between 30 and 40.

The frieze is being designed by Mr T. P. Cooper, the York antiquary who produced banners of the craft guilds for York's pageant many years ago; and the shields (to be shown in their colours) will include those of the Merchant Adventurers Company, the Merchant Taylors, the Weavers, Goldsmiths, Masons, and Clothworkers.

#### THE CRAB FROM THE EAST

There are fears that the Thames is in danger of being invaded by inhabitants of the Far East.

A mitten crab has been found near Chelsea, and experts are wondering if it is the first of an army which appeared on the coasts of Europe about 20 years ago.

The crab is a native of Asia, and its presence in European waters is unwelcome as the tunnels it makes undermine river banks.

## 30 THANKFUL VILLAGES

### Why Not a Gold Memorial?

To the list of Thankful Villages we have quoted of late from Arthur Mee's Enchanted Land must now be added that of South Elmham St Michael, near Bungay in Suffolk.

From this lonely parish, which has recently come into the news owing to an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease (the first in Suffolk for 13 years), there went forth to serve their king and country eleven men. They did their duty on board minesweepers, and all returned safely.

The Vicar of Rumburgh-with-South Elmham St Michael (Rev D. T. L. Stewart) made this fact known not long ago, when preaching at Bungay. He went so far as to suggest that, instead of having no memorial, the little church on the common should have one of gold in memory of these brave men. The CN quite agrees, and would be delighted to cooperate in any movement to set up a memorial in each of the Thankful Villages which now number 30.

St Michael's is believed to be the only parish in Suffolk to which all the men came back. It is tucked away in a little-known but delightful part of the countryside and is one of the seven South Elmham, a group of parishes rich in history. Very few people, except those who have to go on business, call this way, and at General Election times even the best driver generally loses his candidates in this locality.

Most of the men work on the land, although some earn their living by the sea as they serve on fishing boats that belong to Lowestoft, nearly twenty miles away.

## THE MEN OF DARKNESS. ROUND OUR COASTS

### An Evil That Has Passed Away

The good news comes that all the obsolete lightships round our coasts are to be replaced.

These ships, many of them manned, the rest unattended and automatically controlled, are small stout vessels which have a light at the masthead, and mark the whereabouts of shoals and other dangers to shipping, while some serve as navigation marks for the guidance of vessels finding their way to and from port.

It is just over two centuries since the first lightship was anchored to mark the Nore Sand, and for many years vessels of like make and purpose, while hailed as a blessing by mariners, were detested by the men who earned a nefarious living as wreckers. When asked if the world is improving, we have at least the answer that this cruel trade exists no more.

The wreckers fixed lights at night on rocky coasts, and these, regarded by ships as marking a safe way to port, lured them to destruction, with the spoil of the shattered craft as the booty of the wreckers. Cornwall had an evil reputation in the matter, and a lady recently broadcast the story of having heard in her girlhood of children who were taught to pray on going to bed that a nice ship might be driven during the night on to the coast of Norfolk for the profit and advantage of their parents.

#### THE CRESWELLITES

Turning jam jars into a wireless set sounds like a conjuring trick, but that is what the children of Creswell Senior School have done.

Setting to work with a will, they have collected nearly 7000 jars, selling them so profitably that with the money they have been able to buy themselves a wireless set, complete with licence, at a cost of over ten pounds.

## THE PEASANT AND HIS PIG

### Life in Chaucer's Time and Life Today

The attempts of the Government to help farmers to a commanding position in the home market for bacon have been temporarily defeated.

Asked to guarantee the bacon curers over two million pigs for the year, the farmers have fallen short by over 300,000.

It is not that we lack the pigs, but that, owing to an unexpected rise in the cost of foodstuffs, the farmers preferred not to bind themselves to a fixed price when by so doing they might have to deny themselves the advantage of better rates in the open market. So the curers must import more foreign pigs, and the parties will have to try again to reach terms satisfactory to producers, curers, and consumers.

So far negotiations for the benefit of all have resulted in conditions practically unknown in England in normal times. It is a strange fact that, in spite of all the advances made by breeders, and by the evolution and increase of food for animals, we have fewer pigs, in relation to population, than in the Middle Ages.

Examination of manorial rolls, and other documents has convinced scholars that, grim and sorry as was their lot in other directions, the peasants of England had a sty for every cottage and a pig for every sty.

#### An Unfailing Supply

Wool from the sheep, of which we were the world's greatest breeders, brought in the money for wars, but the pig was the mainstay of the national food. The pig was the village scavenger; it could eat any food refuse, and every hamlet had its Gurth to lead it and its fellows to the woods in autumn for the beechmast and the acorns. Pork was an unfailing supply during winter when other foods were missing.

Only one picture of cottage life does Chaucer give us, and in that the poor widow and her two daughters, with their poultry, Chanticleer and Dame Partlet, their cow and their one sheep, are yet rich in three large sowes; and a slice of fried bacon, with an occasional egg or two, is the one rich addition to their diet of vegetables, black and white bread, and milk.

There was no imported food for England in those days; each peasant had to buy and feed his pig, and the pig had to be home produced. Today all the world's pigs are at our disposal, yet the price of bacon has been too much for the poor.

## CRICKET

### The Third Test

Our loss of the third Test match was made practically unavoidable by rain.

Enabling Bradman to close the Australian innings at the right moment, the rain left England with a terrible wicket, and then, when the Australians batted again, made the ball so wet that our fast bowlers could not grip it. Afterwards the wicket was perfect, and without any aid from fortune those two great batsmen Bradman and Fingleton put on such a score that there was never any hope of our overtaking them. So Australia won a handsome victory.

One point in the match merits comment. Finding the wicket bad, Allen and his men played recklessly in their first innings so that England could declare and put Australia in a second time. Bradman's answer was to open his second innings with tail-enders. A wise captain, called on to bat in a poor light toward the end of a long day, likes to send in a couple of stonewalling batsmen to play out time, so that his best men, upon whom the runs really depend, may defer their batting till the morning.



## TRUE STORY Which Ought Not To Be True

An American newspaper has just printed the following story.

A couple who lately did some exploring in London were being shown through the Parliament buildings by a guide, and expressed surprise at the size of the hall where the House of Commons sits; it didn't look, they remarked, as if it could possibly hold all the members.

The guide said that it couldn't—not by a hundred or so. "But they are never all here at once," he said, "so we find the accommodation adequate."

This didn't quite satisfy our tourists. For heaven's sake, they demanded, weren't all the members present when the fate of the Empire might be hanging in the balance?

"No," the guide said thoughtfully; "they know there wouldn't be any place to sit down even if they did come."

This tale is true, and we wish we could say that it was false. The House will not hold the faithful Commons. Worse still, the number of good seats is barely 200 for over 600 members. There is not room on the Treasury Bench for the members of the Government, who on great occasions are seen squashed together in a most unseemly manner.

Yet reform is quite simple. The House has only to throw the voting lobbies into the Chamber and instal an electric-voting appliance. This would give every member a definite seat to himself and save much time in walking the division lobbies.

If the House of Commons is not wise enough to make itself fit for debate what else can we expect it to do properly?

### SEEN AFTER MANY DAYS

After being long hidden the wreckage of a ship driven ashore at Scarborough in 1888 has come to light. Heavy seas have washed away the sand, and now the skeleton of the vessel has been laid bare again.

## BRITISH CAR TRIUMPH Empire Markets

At home and abroad the British motor-car has triumphed in hard times.

The home market has been the mainstay, and the splendid Empire market has done the rest. The Imperial Economic Committee, in a special report, shows that Britain has found it possible to sell overseas to much greater advantage than her foreign competitors.

Canada gives British cars a tariff preference of 35 per cent. The Australian preference is 40, New Zealand's is 45. When such factors are added to natural preference Britain secures a great lead.

In 1929, the great trade boom year, we ranked fourth in the world in motor-car exports; in 1936 we rose to second place. This, the Committee shows, was due to Imperial markets.

### JAPAN AND THE PACIFIC

It is suggested in the Japanese press that Japan may soon make overtures to the United States for an agreement, to take the place of expired naval treaties, to prevent an armament race in the Pacific. It is said that Mr Arita, Japan's Foreign Minister, is willing to come to an agreement about the neutrality of the Philippine Islands and the fortification of Pacific islands.

In America it is said that such discussions could not take place unless Britain and other powers interested in the Pacific were parties to the negotiations.

### GIANT TURNIP

People at Bempton in Yorkshire have been going on pilgrimage to the blacksmith's shop to see a rare sight, a turnip unlike any other in the land.

A turnip weighing six or eight pounds is considered a fair size, but the village blacksmith of Bempton has left all competitors behind with a giant weighing 28 pounds and over six feet round.

We live in an age of records. Who will beat the Yorkshire turnip?

## AMERICA'S GOLD More Than the Rest of the World

America's gold stock grows more and more astonishing.

In 1936 it rose from 288 to 320 million ounces, or at £7 an ounce to the gigantic value of £2,240,000,000.

Our holding at the end of 1936 was £516,000,000, while France held £665,000,000 and Germany £5,320,000.

The contrast between the American and German figures is indeed remarkable. America has now more gold than all the rest of the world put together. It is for the most part useless to her, and is a remarkable example of the unscientific basis of finance and commerce.

### THE FIRST SHEPHERD'S PIPES

Tepe Gawra in Mesopotamia is the world's oldest city, and there, digging among the traces of it, American searchers from Philadelphia have found the world's oldest musical instrument.

Professor E. A. Speiser describes it as a double pipe of bone, something like the reed pipes that thousands of years later Greek shepherds used to play. But these pipes were played by shepherds minding their flocks when the Stone Age axes had just begun to yield place to implements of bronze.

The hunter was then being turned into a farmer, with flocks to guard.

### HALF A CENTURY UNDER ONE ROOF

Time marches on for most people, but it seems to stand still for Mr and Mrs Fox, who live near Epworth, John Wesley's home in Lincolnshire.

For 50 years they have lived together in their cottage, seeing the same fields every day, going to bed at nine every night, and getting up before six every morning. They have never been to a cinema and have never seen the sea, but they are as happy as anyone could wish to be.

## EXCHANGE WITH NEW ZEALAND Strengthening Ties

New Zealand has been explaining, through her Minister of Finance, how the Mother Country could do more trade with the far-off colony.

First as to shipping. Could the carrying between New Zealand and Australia be confined to British vessels? Mr Nash says New Zealand has passed an Act which provides that if America restricts shipping between Honolulu and the American mainland to U.S. vessels New Zealand (if Australia agrees) may restrict shipping between herself and Australia to British vessels.

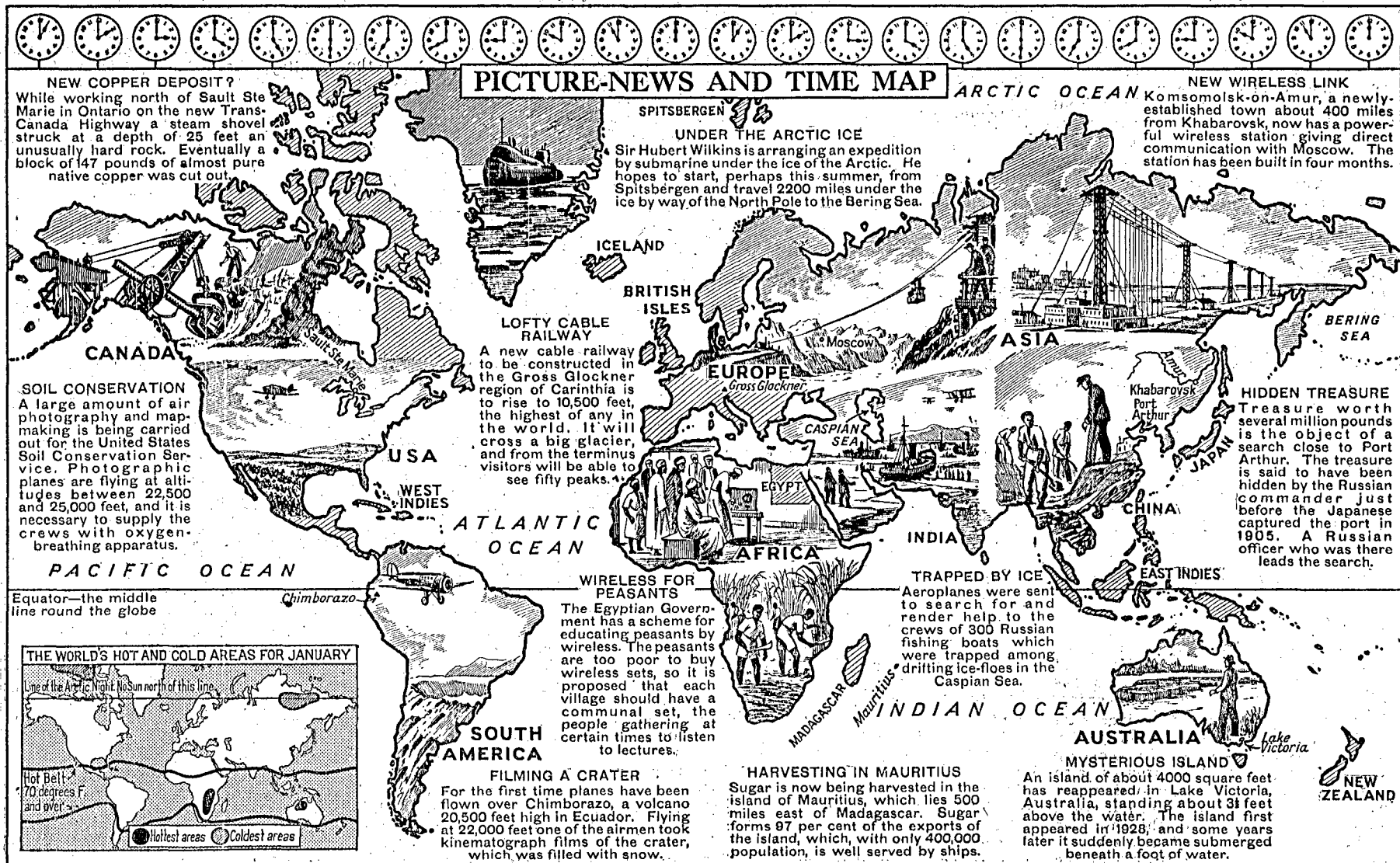
Then as to exchanges with Britain. New Zealand wishes to expand her production and exchange her surplus with other lands. Mr Nash first applied to us. He wants to know what more we can take from New Zealand in exchange for manufactures. New Zealand desires to give Britain the first call upon her.

### THE SKELETON MAN

Wass is one of Yorkshire's smallest villages, a lovely spot at the foot of the Hambleton hills, with the White Horse of Kilburn not far off and the sad ruins of Byland Abbey close by.

All who find out Wass are astonished to see the queer creatures and shapes in a garden near the cross-roads, for here lives a man with one of the most curious trades in the world. He makes skeletons. It sounds unpleasant, but it is really pleasant work, for his skeletons make beautiful hundreds of gardens up and down our land.

He is Mr H. J. Burnett, and his tools are a pair of pliers, a vice, and a template. He needs no bones, for his skeletons are made of wire, and are intended as guides over which gardeners train yews and other trees. Few gardens have examples of topiary without Mr Burnett's skeletons hidden under the green masses. Peacocks, hounds, foxes, swans, bears—all these he shapes in wire.





## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 16 1937



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

## Thus Saith the Lord

Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens and stretched them out, he that spread forth the earth and that which cometh out of it, he that giveth breath to the people upon it and spirit to them that walk therein:

BEHOLD, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein: the isles, and the inhabitants thereof. Let the wilderness and the cities lift up their voice; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands.

Now saith the Lord, Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. Fear not, for I am with thee.

Behold, I will do a new thing: I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls, because I give waters in the wilderness and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.

I am the First and I am the Last; and beside me there is no God. I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places.

Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people, from afar.

I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people to establish the earth; to inherit the desolate heritages; that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves. They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places. They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun smite them, for he that hath mercy shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them. I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains, for the Lord hath comforted his people.

## School Story

WE like the story told by Mr Mason of Newton Abbot at a meeting of schoolmasters in Nottingham. This is what he said:

*I was making heavy weather with a form, and in the hope of getting some response I wrote a sentence on the board in which I spelt cricket as crikkil.*

*To my consternation there was no response at all. I said to a particularly dull boy, "I have made some mistake in that sentence, haven't I?"*

*"I expect so," the boy replied.*

## The Electric Stove

WHAT a world it is! We hear of an electric stove fitted into a drawing-room which is satisfactory in every way except that it is impossible to turn it off by hand because the switch is so hot.

## Our Hotels

ONE of our travelling correspondents sends us these notes of three hotels he stayed in—the best hotel available in three of our towns, a cathedral city, a Lakeland centre, and a world-famous town in Scotland.

One hotel had no notepaper, torn towels, a broken washstand, dim lighting.

Another had a broken chair, bad lighting, no table napkins unless asked for, no knob on wardrobe door, nowhere to post letters, and unworkable sanitary arrangements.

At the third hotel the bathroom door was locked, the wardrobe was locked and could not be used, there was no light over the bed and no light over the washbasin.

Every traveller knows (and everybody except apparently the Hotels Association) that this is a familiar experience all over this country.

## A Threat

WE have just heard of a little girl who was whimpering in Hyde Park the other day.

Her mother repeatedly told her to stop crying, but the tears came on. "Very well," said her mother at last, "another whimper and there'll be no Coronation for you this year!"

## Not Enough Children

THE failure to replace existing populations is evident in the United States as in many parts of the Western world.

*Not enough children are being born.*

To this all-important fact President Roosevelt has just drawn special attention. In 25 years the American population will become stationary and then decline.

Yet America covers the greater part of a sub-continent. Stretching from ocean to ocean, her magnificent territory is so thinly peopled that there are only 40 to the square mile.

And this although the hunger for land, for room to live, for materials, for opportunity, is the prime cause of difference among the European peoples.

## Poor Mendelssohn

MENDELSSOHN, the great composer who wrote the Spring Song, has a name offensive to Nazi ears. So, in spite of his music, they have broken up his monument at Leipzig.

All the world knows him as Mendelssohn, but all the Nazis can remember is that this was the shortened form of his name Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and Bartholdy his father was a Jewish banker.

So down with the statue! Let it lie in the dust, and let all good Nazis know that his lovely music is unfit for Nazi ears. So mad is the Nazi world to which Herr Hitler has led his sixty million German people.

## A Word From Shakespeare

France To Turkey

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

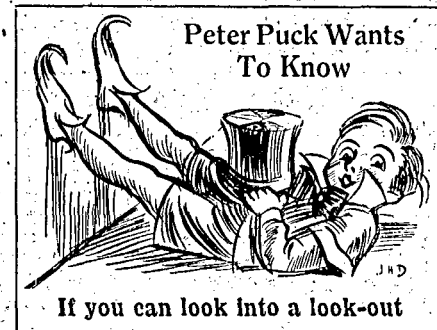
As You Like It

## Tip-Cat

A MAN has come into possession of a cheque 57 years old.  
A present from the past.

A GIRL likes to be dressed so that she stands out at an assembly. Not if it is a dance.

Why don't we have black blotting-paper? An absorbing question.



WINTER sports to be filmed, says a news heading. Screened by a fog.

A MAN has been working for 60 years on a dictionary. Couldn't he reach up without it?

A COUNCIL has voted for a portable wireless set. Every council has its loud speaker.

SCOTSMEN are good listeners. Believe in free speech.

FOOD is a favourite topic among schoolboys. Quiet ones just take everything in.



## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

A LAWN of Khartoum Cathedral has been made into a playground, with swings and switchbacks.

BRITISH shipyards are busier than ever since 1929.

A HUDDERSFIELD lady has left £5000 for a motor lifeboat.

## JUST AN IDEA

Are we sure that what we call strong will in ourselves is not what we call stubbornness in other people?

## A Little Sir Walter

THE matchless hero of our island, Sir Walter Raleigh, threw down his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, and little Desmond Pritchard has given his coat to a friend. We take off our hat to Desmond because he took off his coat for Ivor Morgan.

One of three boys lost on the mountains near their home at Treherbert, Desmond (who is 11) saw his friend shivering with cold, and at great risk to himself took off his own coat and wrapped it round Ivor, who is a year younger, and was wearing only a shirt and jersey. For long hours they were alone in the dark; and all three were in a distressed condition when a search party came upon them at midnight.

There is little doubt that Desmond saved his friend's life, and we hope he will grow up to have Sir Walter Raleigh's courtesy and Sir Philip Sidney's nobility of character.

## Civilisation Depends on Mankind

LET us not believe that Civilisation is necessarily in danger, as is said so often.

True it is that the world is disturbed, but its condition, when the worst is said, is far better and far more hopeful than at many other periods of history, and mankind has the power to avert its dangers.

Nothing is gained by spreading fear, for fear is man's worst enemy. It is fear that is the most potent cause of unrest, of arming, of war itself. The fearful animal bites.

In many respects the masses of mankind are better off than ever before. Let us look for good and we shall assuredly find it. Having found it, let us proclaim it, in whatever country the discovery is made. The path to peace can easily be traced by men who look for good.

## If

If the cost of one cruiser were applied to providing projectors for our schools and the expense of two battleships were devoted to the production of films for teaching science this generation could witness a greater advance of human enlightenment than the world has yet seen.

Professor Lancelot Hogben

## A Prayer When Tempests Blow

*In these winter days when tempests blow and the high seas are often full of peril we may well pray the B.B.C. prayer for all sailors and fishermen:*

O God of our fathers, who art the protector of those who trust in Thee: we commend to Thy keeping the sailors and fishermen of our country; and all who earn their livelihood upon the great waters. May the fruits of their labour not be wasted through the sin or the folly of man.

Enable them to face the perils of the sea and ride its storms with brave hearts and simple trust; and bring them to the haven where they would be.



## THE GORILLAS AT THE ZOO

### Mok and Moina Growing Up

For two thousand years after the adventures of Hanno the Carthaginian, who first described them, gorillas were believed to be figments of a traveller's tale, yet two of the finest ever seen in captivity are every day growing mightier in bulk and strength at our own Zoo.

On his arrival in 1933 Mok, the male of the party, weighed only 70 pounds, while the female Moina was 112 pounds. She kept ahead of him for two years, and at the end of 1935 was still 28 pounds the heavier. The law of Nature then began to operate, and that law being that male gorillas should exceed the female in size and weight, Mok steadily overtook her, and is now beginning to leave her behind. All being well he should keep in advance of the partner of his home, and attain dimensions eclipsing those reported by hunters and observers in the wilds.

## MR LYTLE ON LIVERPOOL'S LITTER

Little love of litter louts has Mr Lytle, who lives near Liverpool, so little indeed that he has been writing to the Formby Council asking them to ask Liverpool to find a better way of disposing of its litter.

One day not long ago Mr Lytle was walking on the foreshore at Formby when he saw some carbon copies of letters sent out by his firm in Liverpool. They had been thrown out from his offices as rubbish, and had afterwards been collected by the dustmen, sent on board a lighter, and dumped in the Mersey; but even that had not been the end of them. They had floated out to sea, and had been washed ashore at Formby.

It seems a foolish thing to collect litter in Liverpool only to scatter it a few miles away, and we hope that as a result of Mr Lytle's letter Liverpool's litter may be more efficiently disposed of in future. Most of us burn our papers, and it seems a much better way than throwing them into the Mersey.

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

The bells have been ringing in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Southport is proud of Mr Ernest Tyldesley and Selby of Mr Fred Cryer, both veteran bellringers.

Mr Ernest Tyldesley, who rings the Christ Church bells, has rung in 51 New Years in succession, a wonderful record; but Mr Fred Cryer has beaten him, for when he rang in 1937 he had rung in 63 New Years without a break. He began ringing bells when he was 12, and soon after he rang in the New Year at Selby Abbey, where he has been ringing for over 60 years.

A student of campanology, he is Vice-President of the Eastern District of the Yorkshire Association of Change Ringers, and for the greater part of his long life he has been an engine-driver on the L.N.E.R., driving his last train to York when he was 70.

## A YACHT IN A BEDROOM

About 150 boys at the Royal Institution were thrilled the other day when Professor Taylor told them how he built a yacht in his bedroom.

He was recalling his boyhood days when he built a boat 13 feet 6 inches long in his bedroom, which was 13 feet 9 wide. There was not much room to spare, but he succeeded, though the work was interrupted when he had measles, the doctor having to climb over the unfinished boat before getting to the bed. When the yacht was finished it was turned on its side, lifted through the window, and lowered to the ground by a builder's pulley. Once she was afloat she sailed perfectly.

## THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE CELLO

Of all musical instruments the cello has always seemed to us the most grown-up and manly; yet there lives in Denmark a boy of four who is already so finished a performer on it that the other day he played it, all alone, at a concert.

His name is Erling Blondal Bengtsson, and in all other respects he is an ordinary boy who spends his days at a kindergarten school. But when he gets his cello between his knees, almost as tall as himself, he ceases to be an ordinary boy and becomes a marvel and a miracle.

It is not the fact of his wielding a bow at all, although that, taking his size, is sufficiently astonishing: it is the power and precision of the playing, the beauty

of the stroke, and the quiet mastery of the instrument which take away the breath of his hearers. It made some of them think of another baby boy who 200 years ago astonished his father by playing minuets on the spinet with faultless precision, and grew up to be one of the world's great composers. Will Erling Blondal Bengtsson someday give the world music as lovely and enduring as that of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart?

Who knows? Is there anyone who can foretell of the little spring which comes bubbling out of the earth whether it will lose itself in the sand or grow into a majestic river flowing with calm assurance toward the eternal sea?

## THE PONY ARISTOCRAT

If they did but know it, the ponies that run wild in England and Wales owe a great debt of gratitude to the National Pony Society.

A few years ago our wild ponies were a drug, a nuisance, dreaded by inoorland farmers as thieves and vagabonds, a liability to their owners, who could not sell them at remunerative prices.

The car and the electrification of mines seemed to leave no market for the little creatures, and there were cases in which foals were sold with their dams for a few shillings each. But a sudden revolution has occurred. Pony-riding for children has kept pace with the sudden revival of horse-riding. There has been an unparalleled rush back to horses and ponies.

The result is that the Pony Society's show in March will include prizes for

these wild or semi-wild breeds, the ponies of the dales, of Dartmoor, Exmoor, the Fells, the New Forest, and the hills of Wales and the Highlands.

The ponies are saved! Demand for them grows daily. Their price will rise, and it will pay owners to look after and feed them.

The ponies of the wilds are lovely things to watch, but not if they are pinched by privation. Our land is too small, our farms and gardens and allotments too many, to permit the toleration of droves of vegetable-eating animals in our midst. Retaining their liberty, the ponies must have food enough to keep them out of private property, or we should soon be reduced to the condition of Montana, whose Government a few years ago decreed the destruction of 400,000 horses which were running wild.

## THE NEVER-STOP MILLS

At a time when some of our great industries are languishing, and hundreds of factories are working half time, it is good news that Huddersfield has mills which are for ever working.

They are the Prospect, Quarumby Clough, and Gledholt woollen mills, and in good times and bad their wheels go round as thousands of miles of cloth come out. When the mills round about have closed down for want of orders, when other firms have been employing workpeople for part time only, these mills have kept on, year in and year out.

There was an exception to the rule last year. One day the never-stop mills stopped for the first time in living memory; not because there was no work to do, but to allow all the staff

to go to Blackpool to celebrate Sir Emmanuel Hoyle's 70th birthday.

There was good reason to celebrate it, for he alone had kept the wheels of industry turning for over half a century. While other firms have waited for orders for cloth, Sir Emmanuel Hoyle has gone in search of them. Still he goes round the world for orders. There is hardly a country he has not visited, and only recently he set off for South Africa to try to get an order for 500,000 yards of cloth.

He has been travelling for his firm since he was 16, visiting great cities, buying wool, and sending home orders for cloth for armies, navies, police forces, and railway and tramway companies at the ends of the earth. Huddersfield may well be proud of him.

## THE GIRL IN THE CLOCK

THE clock she peeped out of is in the State Historical Museum at Madison in America. Round the face are carved figures below a hunting scene, and above all is a gilded vase of roses. The clock, made in Germany in 1770 by Johann Schoepperle, is nine feet high, and instead of chimes it has organ pipes.

It was Priscilla Sawyer who came out of the clock. When she was a child of six the grand old clock stood in the hall of her father's house. Priscilla had been told she must go to bed, but she had disobeyed her father's orders, crept downstairs in her nightgown, and opened the door of the grandfather clock. Then she climbed inside, and crouched down at the bottom below the heavy brass

weights. She kept very still, for she wanted to see General Lafayette, who was her father's guest that evening.

She knew her father would be sure to show his clock. Presently a door opened and people came out of a room and stood in the hall. She could hear her father telling them about the clock. She was very frightened, but up she popped, opened the door, and astonished everyone by saying, "Daddy, don't be angry with me. I did so want to see General Lafayette."

Before her father could answer the great man stepped forward, lifted her out of the clock, and kissed her. Priscilla went off to bed, very proud that she had seen one of the greatest men of her day.

## PROFIT AND LOSS IN LIFE

WHENEVER we are inclined to be rather sorry for ourselves we might well take a hint from Robinson Crusoe, for we read that he one day drew up the state of his affairs in writing, like debtor and creditor, in this way.

### Evil

I am cast upon a horrible desolate island void of all hope of recovery.

I am singled out from all the world to be miserable.

I am divided from mankind, banished from human society.

I have no clothes to cover me.

I am without defence.

### Good

But I am alive and not drowned, as all my ship's company was.

But I am singled out too from all the ship's crew to be spared.

But I am not starved and perishing on a barren place.

But I am in a hot climate.

But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me.

## DUKE'S FLIGHT AND KING'S FLEET

### Two Journeys

The Duke of Kent flew to the royal wedding in Holland in little over an hour.

Contrast that with a voyage in the opposite direction, when William of Orange set sail with his English wife to accept the English throne.

To safeguard himself against the forces illegally assembled by James the Second in order to overawe the land, William brought with him 50 warships, over 500 transports, and 14,000 men.

In mid-Channel the fleet was caught by a storm, scattered, and driven back to Holland. Sailing again, they reached Brixham, south of Torbay, just as the bonfires were being prepared for Gunpowder Plot day, the crossing having occupied 17 days. We had a Dutchman for our king for the next 13 years, king by invitation.

William was the best gift Holland ever gave us, for he came in when we were in danger of another Stuart civil war. But Holland has given us much else. She taught us banking; she taught us to grow root crops which enabled us to become the greatest masters of livestock breeding; she enriched our galleries with some of the noblest paintings.

### A Great Colonial Empire

Next to our own seamen, hers were the finest that ever sailed the unmapped seas. What a heritage they left her! Her own area is less than a quarter of England's, but she possesses a very great colonial empire—800,000 square miles. Her people at home are no greater in number than the population of Greater London, yet her subjects abroad total 61 millions.

No nation has more heroically defended its right to religious freedom than the Dutch. They afforded sanctuary to the men driven from England who afterwards sailed as the Pilgrim Fathers to found the New World. Best of all, perhaps, they produced Hugo Grotius, a man who anticipated by 300 years the essence of what the League of Nations now seeks to achieve.

The Father of International Law, Grotius first taught the world the powers and duties of States in peace and war, showing that right is greater than might, that only through the exercise of moral principles by statesmen and nations can the world be governed in peace and equity.

### An Important Treaty

Holland acquired through Grotius a moral authority which made her land the fit setting for efforts to evolve peace from war and to banish hostilities from the world. It was at the old Dutch city of Utrecht that there was signed a treaty which ended the War of the Spanish Succession, a treaty which affected us more than any other that had ever been concluded.

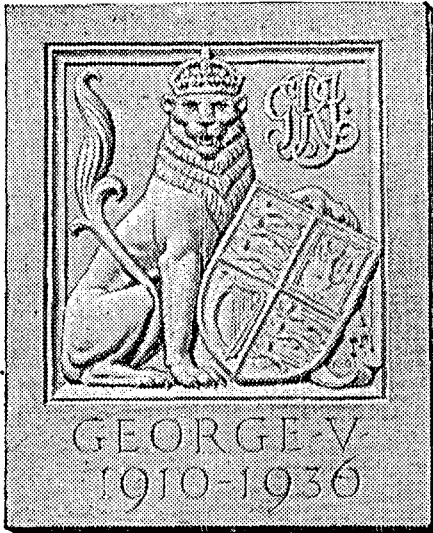
By that treaty France abandoned the Pretender and at last acknowledged the right of Anne to the British throne, and after her the Protestant succession through the House of Hanover; ceded to us Newfoundland and a great part of Canada, admitted our right to Gibraltar and Minorca, and (shameful concession) guaranteed us a monopoly of the slave trade.

We have a hundred ties with Holland, and it is with glowing hearts that we join the chorus of good wishes to the happy bride to whose wedding the Duke of Kent went flying.

### Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	.59 hrs.	Falmouth	4.50 ins
Rainfall	1.45 ins.	Birmingham	2.67 ins
Dry days	.13	Chester	2.51 ins
Wet days	.18	Southampton	2.40 ins
Warmest day	2nd	Aberdeen	1.96 ins
Coldest day	7th	Gorleston	1.41 ins
Wettest day	14th	Tynemouth	1.25 ins.





THE LION PANEL designed by George Kruger Gray which, with the panel shown opposite, is to appear on the entrance gates of the King George Playing Fields.

## TALES OF A VILLAGE

### The Waterloo Avenue and the Kingfisher's Nest

A CN friend who has been reading Arthur Mee's *Book of Lancashire* sends us an interesting story of one of the villages in it.

At Barrowford, where the road from Nelson to Pendle Hill mounts Hoggarth's Rise, is a remarkable link with the Battle of Waterloo.

Colonel Clayton of Carr Hall, which stands at the bottom of the hill and had a hiding-hole for priests, was at the battle, and to commemorate it he planted a magnificent avenue of trees, in number and formation exactly the same as that in which his regiment had stood on the plain of Waterloo. Trees for the non-commissioned officers stand beside the two lines, and the superior officers at a distance.

Another story from Barrowford is of the place where Colne Water joins Pendle Water, and a modern mill has been erected by a generous and energetic man of our time. In the bank of the river, near the boiler house, a pair of kingfishers built a nest, and, with the help of the boiler engineer, reared a family.

The engineer knew of the nest and was afraid the boys thereabouts would find it and rob it, so when the young were hatched he dug down to the nest and took the little ones home for the night, returning them in the early morning, when the parent birds eagerly welcomed them.

Through the day the engineer kept the nest under his eye, and every night till the nestlings could fly he kept them warm and safe at his home. They got to know and to trust him, and so did the parent kingfishers, who seemed to recognise him as a friendly cooperator in their family affairs. For two or three seasons they reared their brood with his kindly help.

## COUNTING IN ELEVEN FIGURES

### Trade is Better and Better

The better trade of 1936 gave the bankers so much to do that the cheques, bills of exchange, and so on, handled by them, and passed through the London Bankers' Clearing House, rose to a value of £40,616,574,000. This was 3300 millions more than in 1935. Truly astronomical figures, which are difficult to grasp.

The domestic trade of England and Wales is best shown by the country cheque clearings, which reached £3537,000,000, nearly ten per cent more than in 1935.

The biggest clearance ever recorded was in the boom year, 1929, when the total was nearly 45,000 millions. It is hoped this record will soon be beaten.

## TREASURES IN THE SHADOW OF WAR

TREMBLING for the fate of the priceless art treasures of Spain endangered by bombs, artillery, and the fires which follow both, we are glad to be to some extent assured by Professor Enrique Moreno that much has been done to safeguard as many as possible of the nation's works of art.

Spanish lecturer at Oxford University, he went to Spain at the outbreak of the war and helped to collect treasures from churches, cathedrals, and palaces, and to store them for safety in the cellars of the Bank of Spain.

Few young people of this generation in Great Britain can know the straits to which we were reduced during the Great War to safeguard our own treasures against bombs and fire from Zeppelins and enemy aeroplanes. We had an amateur fire brigade on duty day and night at St Paul's. West-

minster Abbey was built up inside with mountains of sandbags; and a hundred statues were removed from their places and put in the crypt. Windows were unglazed at Canterbury and the precious Norman glass stored away in safe places.

Many art treasures were removed from their galleries and stored in railway tunnels. The copy of Magna Carta in the British Museum was taken quietly away at night, and Domesday Book was sent to prison; it was received for the duration of the war into the safety of Bodmin gaol!

Never was there a happier gaol delivery than that of the day which saw the rescue of the charter of our liberties from a Welsh university, the Conqueror's record from the abode of felons, and pictures, statues, and other treasures from the murk and thunder of tunnels.

## Sir John Soane and His Treasure House

It is a hundred years this month since Sir John Soane died in his treasure house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Though little of his work is found in London today, he was a successful architect, giving new majesty and grandeur to the ancient city. The son of a mason, he was born in 1753 at Whitchurch near Reading, and after running errands for George Dance, surveyor to the City of London, he learnt the principles of building, and made such progress that in his early twenties he won a gold medal and travelling scholarship for his design of a triumphal arch.

He spent several years in Italy, married a wealthy lady, designed fine houses, and in 1788 was made architect to the Bank of England—the beginning of a remarkable career. The task of rebuilding part of the Bank was extremely difficult, but his Roman Corinthian design has stood the test of time, though it was an innovation of which the critics did not at first approve.

His daring designs for public buildings were often carried out with great success, and there was a time when a visitor to London might have seen a host of imposing buildings which the city owed to its famous architect.

For all that, he is remembered more for his art treasures than his buildings. The founder of the Soane Museum, he gave up his later years to collecting rare and beautiful things. Casts and models of old carvings, gems, rare books, illuminated manuscripts, all these were on show in his house, which quickly became a museum of exceptional interest. Among his pictures are two series of studies by Hogarth, and among his greatest treasures is the celebrated alabaster coffin brought from Egypt by Belzoni. It was found in 1817, and was the last sleeping-place of the father of Rameses the Great. These, and other treasures bought for huge sums, were the foundation of the Soane Museum, now one of the most fascinating of all London's small showplaces.

## John Ruskin and a Cauliflower Leaf

A LADY who met John Ruskin during his visits to Sheffield about 60 years ago has just been recalling one or two lessons he gave her.

One day in 1879 she was thrilled by the news that Ruskin was to visit Sheffield to arrange the treasures in the museum he had founded. When he arrived he was delighted to find some of his pictures in frames which she herself had carved.

Her work must have pleased him, for he talked to her about her carving, asking who had taught her, and showing her that balance and radiation were elements of design. Then he went into the garden and returned with leaves gathered from vegetables, and after looking them over carefully he chose a cauliflower leaf, putting it wrong side up on the table. The lady, remembering the incident as if it were only yesterday,

recalls how long and earnestly he talked about the leaf. He pointed out the way in which the veins sprang from the central rib with its fine, strong curve, and how the smaller veins flowed out over the leaf. "I want you to model this in clay first," he said, "and, when you think you have got it right, carve a little bit of it in wood—not the whole leaf, only the mid rib and the veins springing from it. Have it ready for me when I come again."

When Ruskin was again in Sheffield he sent for his pupil, examined her work, and was pleased with it. "Now," said he, "I want you to do another leaf rather like this one. Choose it yourself, and do more of it, but not the whole leaf yet. Have it ready for me when I come again."

Who but Ruskin would spend such time and thought on a cauliflower leaf?

## New Work For a Jet of Water

WATER power has been called white coal. It is now being used in the Ural Mountains to cut black coal from the Volodarsky mine.

Long before water power was used to drive turbines and produce electricity, as in Norway, Switzerland, and at Niagara, it served to cut away the face of soft rock. A powerful stream of water pumped through a water-monitor was directed against the rock face, which was thus rapidly washed away.

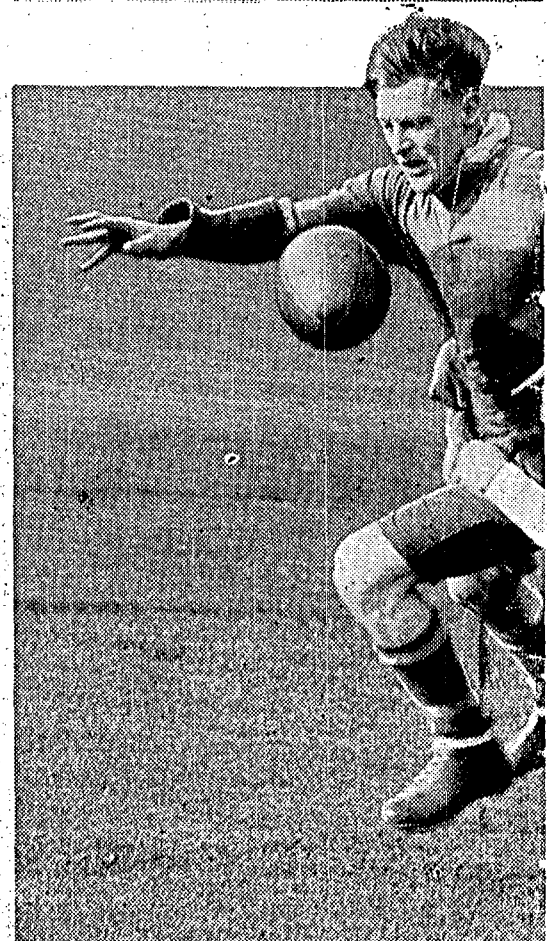
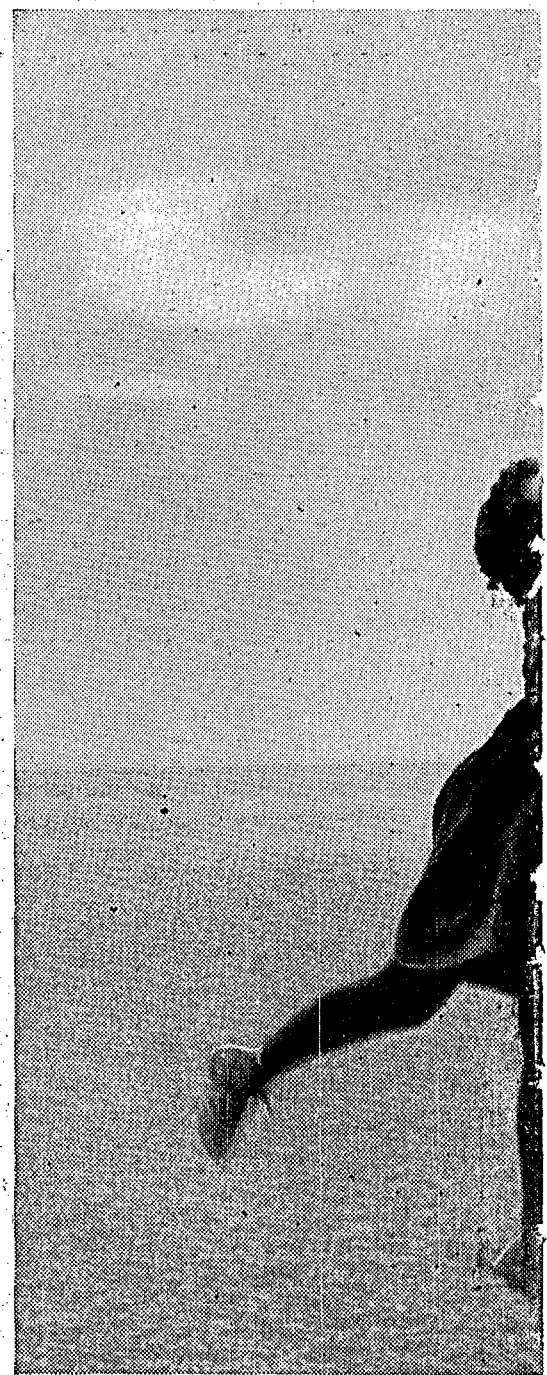
A Russian engineer has used water-monitors to cut into the coal face of the mine. A stream of water at a pressure of 230 lbs to the square inch was directed against the face, and, acting like a gigantic knife, cut down 11 tons of coal in eight minutes. At this pressure 340 gallons of water cuts a ton

of coal, and a water-monitor worked by one man cuts 1500 tons of coal a day.

Evidently the water-column at high pressure could not be of use in many mines, where the coal seams are thin, and there is no open face on which the jet of water can play. In a still larger number of coal mines the material washed away from the face would be coal mingled with other minerals, and the coal would afterwards have to be separated from them.

It appears that the face of the coal in the Volodarsky mine and some others in the Urals offer good openings for the water jet, which is employed also to separate the coal from the other debris or drift. Much time is saved, and work usually occupying months is done in a few hours.

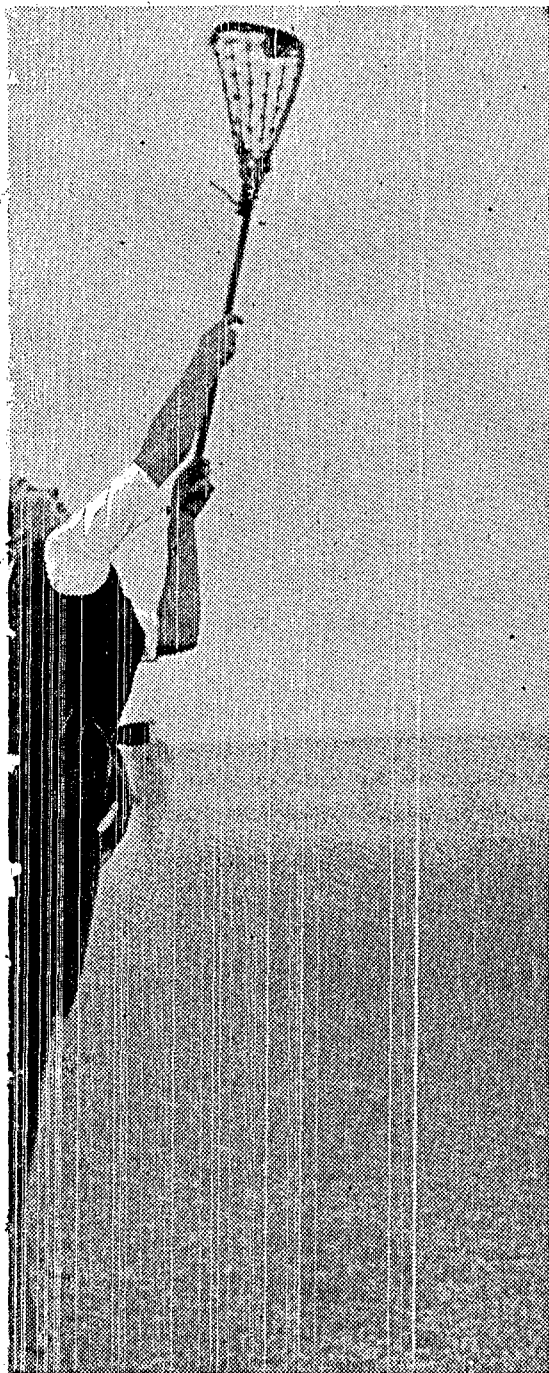
## On the Playing Field



A fine tackle in a Ru



## Fields of England



Jumping for the ball in a lacrosse match



gby football game

## A THOUSAND YEARS OF STORM

**I**n weather history last year will be memorable for its storms. High winds, heavy rains, and rough seas were a notable feature, and there were more lifeboat launches than ever before.

But these islands have had a stormy thousand years. A hurricane soon after Alfred's day destroyed 1500 houses in London; and as far back as 1091 a south-west gale roared over the land, bringing down churches and sweeping away 500 houses in London alone. One of the most memorable of all stormy days was September 3, 1658, the day Cromwell died, a hurricane tearing across Europe and over England.

The year 1775 brought a terrible October gale to the north of England; four Dublin packets foundering; and in 1814 a tremendous storm in December wrecked many ships and caused widespread suffering. But greater still was the tempest of January 1839, when a gale swept up the west coast, through Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, and across Ireland. A score of people were killed by falling buildings in Liverpool, 100 were drowned near by, and much property was destroyed.

The winter of 1852-1853 was also exceedingly stormy, and in 1859 occurred the storm which sank the Royal Charter. A tempest in 1861 carried away part of the Crystal Palace, then a new wonder

for London, and May 28 in the same year saw 143 wrecks on our coasts.

Perhaps the stormiest year in living memory was 1881, which began with a January blizzard, went on to a February gale which wrecked scores of ships on the east coast, and finished with an October hurricane, unroofing houses, tearing up telegraph poles, and uprooting trees.

Since then we have had windy days in plenty, not a few of them within recent years, but not even the wildest day we have known has been so fierce as the storm which raged on November 26 and 27, 1703. Rightly remembered as the Great Storm, it was the most terrible of which we have any record.

Our coasts and harbours were littered with wreckage for months. The damage done in London was estimated at two million pounds. The Thames and Severn overflowed their banks and about 8000 people were drowned. Among the ships destroyed were 12 men-of-war with 1800 men on board. In Kent 17,000 trees were torn up by the roots and one neighbourhood alone lost 15,000 sheep.

Amid all the roar of a wind thundering like cannon, Winstanley, the builder of the first Eddystone lighthouse, peered out of his window and looked over a sea of unprecedented fury. Before the storm was over he and his lighthouse were swept away.

## The Noble Roman on Tower Hill

**O**n the outer wall of the London Transport Board's sub-station in Trinity Place, Tower Hill, is a memorial to a noble Roman.

It has been placed there nearly 19 centuries after this Roman governor, Julius Classicianus, went to his account, having deserved well of Rome, of London, which he governed, and of the British people he protected.

It was once the stone over his grave, placed there by his grieving wife, Julia Pacata. The inscription, which came to light when workmen were laying bare the Roman wall on Tower Hill last year, says as much, for it reads:

*In memory of Gaius Julius Alpinus Classicianus of the Fabian tribe, procurator of the province of Britain; his wife Julia Pacata, daughter of Julius Londus, set this up.*

We may now remember the Roman procurator, and what he did, but he was forgotten long before the last Roman

legions left Britain; and it seems to be the fact that other Romans, forgetful of his deeds, used his tombstone to make part of a bastion of the Roman wall, which was strengthened from time to time.

Now that it has been again found the British people do right to pay him honour, for he was the man who stood between the victorious Suetonius and the Britons in the hour of their defeat after the revolt of Boadicea. By his efforts, which began in the hour of violence and wrong, he laid the foundations of a lasting peace between Romans and Britons.

In our rough island story Classicianus stands as noblest Roman of them all. London may count him as one of her citizens. We, the heirs of Rome, do right to honour him. It is a strange turn of the wheel of fortune that it is an underground railway of modern London which pays this tribute to him.

## Two Little Mice From Old Egypt

**W**E have long heard of the three blind mice and the mouse that ran up the clock, but it is news that two mice have been brought from darkness to light by the X-rays.

Never have two mice had a queerer hiding-place, and few can have stayed in it so long, for they have been tucked away for over 50 centuries.

They were found in a mummy. Experts examining an Egyptian mummy in a New York museum came upon their skeletons deep among the wrappings. The X-rays showed that the body had been richly ornamented with costly jewels. Then, under three inches of bandages, and in company with jewels worth a fortune, the experts found two

little mice, companions for Wah, thought to be a relative of a high-court dignitary.

How did they get there?

No one knows. It is thought they may have been wrapped up with the body for some ceremonial reason; but it seems much more likely that the embalmers left the mummy half-bandaged one day, and that while they were away the mice began to play. When the embalmers came back the mice ran for the nearest hiding-place, burrowing among the wrappings, where they were imprisoned. At any rate, no opening for them to have got in since can be seen; and there they lie to this day, two mice which ran about the Old World over 5000 years before they went to the New.

## The Microphone in the Wrong Place

**S**AD news comes from the Far East, where progress is superseding the call of the muezzin.

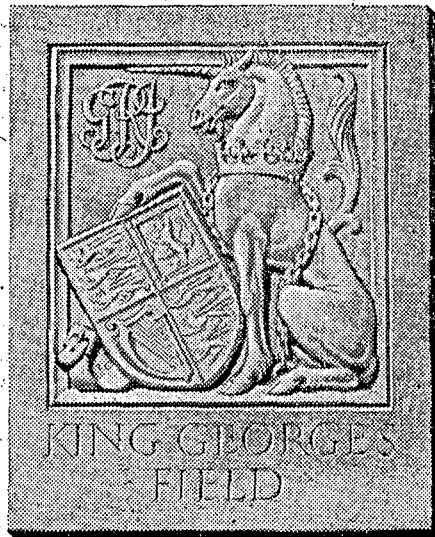
"At eventide and dawn the sweet tenor voice of the muezzin calls the people to prayer from where he stands on the minaret of the mosque. Colonel T. E. Lawrence told how, when the war with the Turks was done, he heard his voice at Damascus. 'There is no God but God,' he chanted, 'the merciful, the compassionate'; and after a pause he added: 'And he has been very good to us this day, O people of Damascus.'"

The poetry and feeling of this call to prayer must have been felt by every

traveller of every race. Soon they may hear it no more, because the Masjid Sultan Mosque at Singapore, the chief mosque of Malaya, has found a new way. Microphones have been installed in the mosque and loudspeakers in the minarets, so that the call may be heard a mile away.

Where Malaya leads the rest of the East may follow, and the cry that has been heard since Moslem history began will be replaced by the loudspeaker.

It is a step in the wrong direction, for piety and prayer are like the still small voice of conscience. They call for no loud advertisement.



THE UNICORN PANEL for the King George Playing Fields. A special appeal for the Jubilee Fund is being made on the anniversary of King George's death.

## THE GREAT SEAL A King's Signature To History

Sir Goscombe John, R.A., is busy with the Great Seal of George the Sixth.

The Great Seal, formerly made of wax but now composed of a new and harder substance, is fixed to all Acts of Parliament, treaties, and other acts of State, and without it nothing done by Parliament or Ministers is legal. No election for a constituency can be held unless the writ bears this seal.

It dates from the time of Edward the Confessor, who adopted the idea prevalent among the successors of Charlemagne. The emblem of sovereignty, expressing the will of the monarch, it is an institution among the most solemn in the whole apparatus of government. When the sovereign dies or changes his arms and title the old seal is broken and a new one made. Such a change had to be effected when George the Fifth changed his dynastic name from Saxe-Coburg to Windsor.

### Many Famous Men

It has been committed to the custody of some of the most eminent men in the world—Becket, de Merton (founder of our oldest college), Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, and to many a man who strides through the pages of Shakespeare.

A history of England could be written round the men who have held it since the Conquest. Such a history would include stories as strange and exciting as anything imagined in fiction. Lionheart, needing money, seized the seal and destroyed it, declaring void all the city and other charters which had been sealed with it, so that in granting fresh charters he might raise the sum of which he was in need.

To guard against a recurrence, it was ordained in the time of Henry the Third that all documents were null which were signed with the seal during its absence from the hands of the Chancellor, its proper custodian.

### Thrown Into the Thames

When Sir Edward Lyttleton fled with the seal to Charles the First in the camp from which the king was to launch the Civil War it was supposed that Parliament could not proceed with its duties in the absence of the regal emblem. But Parliament ordered a new seal of its own, in spite of the threat of Charles to hang all concerned for high treason.

His son, James the Second, fleeing from Whitehall in 1688, smuggled the seal out with him, and threw it into the Thames at midnight, again believing that the business of Parliament must cease with the supreme emblem removed. Again, however, Parliament proceeded about its business with its own seal, although the old one was recovered from the Thames at Lambeth not long afterwards by a fisherman's net.



## LISTENING TO A VOLCANO

### The Man Who Lived On Mount Pelée

#### A THREE-YEARS VIGIL

Mr F. A. Perret has just been telling at length what happened to him on the active volcano of Mount Pelée in Martinique.

It is not one of the fairy tales of science, but it reads like one, though Mr Perret has saved it up for some years. He went to Martinique in search of health, and this invalid sought and found it on the side of the volcano while it was in full blast.

Mount Pelée had an evil reputation. When the present century was young it blew up and sent down a blast of fiery gas to overwhelm the town of St Pierre in clouds of rolling fire. Of the town's 30,000 inhabitants only two escaped alive.

#### Grumbling in Its Sleep

For a generation afterwards it remained threatening but quiet, and people gradually came back to St. Pierre and other towns on the coast. But in September seven years ago tourists who camped on the mountain heard rumblings and tremors. Mount Pelée was grumbling in its sleep.

Shortly afterwards the invalid arrived in Martinique. He knew a good deal about volcanoes, and had taken up abode on Vesuvius during an eruption. He was sure that whatever Mount Pelée might threaten it would not repeat its first murderous explosion, and said so. In proof of his belief he took up his quarters on the side of the mountain, where long ago a sort of dome had formed in the crater.

There he lived in the hut he built amid penetrating clouds of ash, pungent smells, incessant noise, and the ruddy glare of the crater shining through the open door. Now and then there would be the noise of a cloudburst, like a torrent, or the rush of a great air-river bearing burning clouds above it of incandescent gas. He watched one of these which was flung up nearly four miles high, and was hurried out to sea at 90 miles an hour.

#### The Patient Watcher

For three years this kind of eruption went on, gradually lessening in fierceness. Through the dome in the crater great needles of lava were pushed up, like paste squeezed out of a tube, and fell down again with a crash. All this time the watcher patiently sat there taking his observations, making his photographs, and assuring the terrified people of Martinique that the worst was over, and St. Pierre could never be wrecked again. He was sure because he was scientifically minded, and had seen that a way out of the crater had been blasted, so that eruptions or gases must always spend themselves away from the town.

At first they did not believe him. After one great burst they fled in their thousands. But the watcher stayed. They came back, they fled again, but always they found Mr Perret there; and at last they thought he might be right and ran away no more.

#### Microphone on the Mountain

One of the things which must have puzzled them, though in the end it reassured them, was the microphone he set up on the ground to gather and magnify the sounds coming from the rumbling mountain. He connected it by wires with St. Pierre some miles away; and anybody listening there could even hear footsteps by the hut as well as the crackle and discharge of the volcano. It was one of the entertaining experiences of listeners at St. Pierre to hear a sudden crackle in the receiver and then, a

## Little John Wesley's House

The thought of a religious revival sent a C N correspondent the other day down to Epworth Rectory, long the home of John Wesley's father and the Mecca of Methodism.

The rectory, rebuilt after the fire in which John, then only a little fellow, was rescued from an upper window, is a big brick house, tall and long, and almost hidden from the road by a high wall and many trees. From its windows we look over a fair corner of Lincolnshire which the founder of Methodism must have loved as a boy; and in its sheltered garden we seem so cut off from the busy ways of men that the world (which was Wesley's parish) is easily forgotten.

#### The Old Church

There was little stir in Epworth the day we called. Old houses and new had their doors closed, and the small marketplace was deserted. Going down hill we came from the rectory to the Methodist chapel, with its fine tower and spire rising above trim lawns.

A paved walk shaded by trees brings us to the church where Samuel Wesley was rector for nearly 40 years, its grey walls ten times older, its massive porch sheltering a small doorway to a nave with pillars which seem bowed beneath the weight of years. Here it was that Samuel preached Sunday after Sunday, and Susannah, his capable wife, came to church with her great family, Charles the hymn-writer and John the founder of Methodism among them. There is a queer stone face staring into the north aisle, and John must often have looked up at it; and there is an old chest, iron-bound and fitted with a heavy round lid, which can have looked little younger in his day.

#### Where John Preached

It was the churchyard which stirred us most the autumn day we called. Here, among trees and gravestones with quaint inscriptions, we may look over the red roofs of old Epworth to the low hills with brown fields, and a windmill or two, one with its sails slowly turning, the scene little different, we think, from the time when Wesley saw it all before he began his travels. South of the church sleeps Wesley's father, the churchman whose son was to bring about the great evangelical revival of the 18th century.

It was on this stone that John preached in the churchyard; and though Epworth does well to keep its Methodist Memorial chapel, and its fine old rectory, and Samuel's venerable church, it is this stone which all the world comes to see. In the shadow of the church, it marks the end of an old man's life, and the beginning of a great campaign which was to give a new religious fervour to thousands whom the church of Wesley's day failed to reach.

*Continued from the previous column*

minute afterwards, see a burst of fire above the cloud-capped crater:

But Mr Perret had another use for his microphone, which was to analyse the sounds coming from the volcano. The dome in the crater acted as a kind of shell collecting and reflecting the sounds. Mr Perret found that on any one day the note was always the same, though the volume of sound, whether caused by the rattle of clinkers and ash or the roar of an avalanche, varied.

The note depended on the mass of the lava dome, which if greater lowered the pitch of the note, so that on one day it would be B flat, another A natural, then G sharp. In short, the variations in the volcano's output were measured on the musical scale.

For three years the listener stayed there, and the reward of his devotion is the life history of a volcanic eruption without equal.

## 100 YEARS AGO

### What Macaulay Said

It is interesting to read today this passage from Macaulay, written in 1833:

There is no country in Europe which it is so easy to overrun as Spain; there is no country in Europe which it is more difficult to conquer.

Nothing can be more contemptible than the regular military resistance which Spain offers to an invader; nothing more formidable than the energy which she puts forth when her regular military resistance has been beaten down.

Her armies have long borne too much resemblance to mobs; but her mobs have had, in an unusual degree, the spirit of armies. The soldier, as compared with other soldiers, is deficient in military qualities; but the peasant has as much of those qualities as the soldier. In no country have such strong fortresses been taken by surprise; in no country have unfortified towns made so furious and obstinate a resistance to great armies.

War in Spain has, from the days of the Romans, had a character of its own; it is a fire which cannot be raked out; it burns fiercely under the embers; and long after it has, to all seeming, been extinguished, bursts forth more violently than ever.

## NEWS FOR COOK

### Professors in the Kitchen

It is both interesting and amusing to find scientists investigating what the ladies do in the kitchen, and we hope the ladies will appreciate it.

The results can be found in a report of the Medical Research Council. Here are some of the things we ought to know when we cook.

Potatoes and bread absorb fat in frying, and these changes increase the calorific values of the fried foods about three times.

It is not necessary to simmer vegetables for many hours when preparing broths. Cooking for 30 to 60 minutes is enough to bring out most of the diffusible constituents.

Most nuts are rich in phosphorus. There is 20 times as much iron in the coconut as in its milk.

The frying of "chipped" potatoes was carefully investigated, and a table is given showing the losses of weight, water, and salts in frying. It was found that, although four-fifths of the water in the potatoes had been removed by the ninth minute of frying, there was no loss of salts.

The doctors support the belief that potatoes boiled in their skins lose far less nutritive matter than peeled potatoes, but this we might have guessed.

### HE KEPT HIS WORD

Miles Nicholas promised to look after Harold McArdle when he went to sea, and he kept his promise.

He not only kept a weather eye on young Harold, but when the boy fell overboard Miles went after him, rescuing him at grave risk to himself. He has now been awarded the vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society.

## 1 2 3

37,450 people were killed in motoring accidents in the United States last year.

113,814 salmon and migratory trout, having a total weight of 10,537 cwt, were caught in Britain during 1935.

1,060,500 tons of crude steel were produced in the United Kingdom in October.

6,000,000 tons of anthracite come from the western valleys of South Wales every year.

£110,000 worth of damage is done by rats in Germany every year.

£12,000,000 is spent annually on cut flowers in Britain.

£125,000,000 is the value of gold reserves in Switzerland.

## LAND OF CONTRASTS AND PROBLEMS

### Life in Kenya as a Settler Finds It

A C N friend who has gone out to Kenya, living on a mission station, sends us these notes on life as he finds it there.

Kenya has been called the Land of Contrasts and Problems; and the title is well deserved.

The weather, for instance, is often as contrary as our own English variety. Dawn may bring a cold grey sky, but later in the morning the sun will be shining fiercely, and woe betide whoever goes out hatless. Sudden torrential rains, often limited to a small area, are another feature, but so long as English people treat the sun with respect they do not find the climate disagreeable.

#### Busy Nairobi

Other contrasts are provided by the mingling of East and West, for in Kenya they do meet. Nairobi has fine wide streets with big shops and refuges for pedestrians, but the traffic is an astonishing mixture of powerful modern cars, ancient Fords, and pony carts driven by natives in ragged garments that make them the most tatterdemalion crew imaginable. The passing throng, too, is a strange and colourful medley of smartly-clad Europeans, bearded Sikhs in turbans and other Indians, a few Japanese and Chinese, Kikuyu women with coils of wire in their ears and heavy loads on their backs, and other Africans of all tribes and languages arrayed in bright stripes and every possible strangeness of dress.

The splendid new Government offices are a credit to the town, but the Native Commissioner's offices, hideous and out of date, are not unlike a building made with a child's box of bricks, crowned by a clock that has not told the time for eight years. At one end of Nairobi is the attractive suburb of Muthaiga where the Government officials and business people live in stone houses with beautiful gardens. At another end of the town is Pangani, a native settlement with houses built of mud and beaten-out petrol tins.

#### Roads of Red Earth

The main roads between the townships are called all-weather roads because no matter how torrential the rain the traveller should always be able to reach his destination. But as these roads are only of red earth (called murrum) they are often in a bad state, and the driver and his car may get a nasty shaking; away from the main roads a journey may be even more difficult. The areas where white people have settled are easily recognised by the orderly plantations of coffee on either side, but in the native reserves there is only haphazard planting with clusters of round thatched huts here and there.

Most of the fine shops in Nairobi are owned and run by Europeans, but Indians are buying up wherever possible, and their shops are usually either squalid or gaudy. The Indians are a great problem in Kenya, for they have most of the small trade and skilled labour in their hands, and this hinders the advancement of the African. Indeed, a large number of people regard the African only as the white man's servant—a fact which makes missionary work difficult.

#### Many Missions

There are many missions in the country, the larger ones having an understanding that each has its own territory in which to work. The writer's own mission station is a compound just outside Nairobi, with a stone church capable of holding about 2200, the official headquarters of the Church Missionary Society, schools for the natives, houses for the various helpers, and a bookshop which supplies the missions with literature in many languages.

These are some aspects of Kenya, a land of contrasts and problems, but in spite of them all a land of great promise.



## BOY SCOUT OR BORSTAL BOY?

### A Lesson From Ceylon

The Boy Scout is well on the way to save the boys of the world by his example.

In Ceylon there is a Boy Scout Colony at Kalutara which may well have the honour of showing its mettle in a new way. It was established six years ago to train boys in agriculture on an estate of 50 acres. The boys thus trained went out to other farms and estates under the Ceylon Middle Class scheme.

This was only part of the idea. The Colony aimed at turning out teachers who would be able to encourage agriculture in the schools to which they went, and would at the same time be handy-men who could make and repair furniture, or practise the handicrafts they had learnt in the Scout Colony.

The life of the Colony is directed to these ends. There are no servants. All the cooking, building, and cleaning is done by the Scouts. They learn cooking, sewing, how to make roads, how to build, or sink a well, when they are not working together in the rice fields.

#### Boys Who Go Wrong

These are the tasks and this the education of the older Scouts. The Wolf Cubs are a smaller school within the Colony; they learn English as well as Cingalese, and are given a grounding in agriculture.

The Colony has done so well, and has educated so many promising pupils, that it has been encouraged to prepare for the Governor of Ceylon a new and wider scheme for the upbringing of the youth of Ceylon.

In Ceylon, as in our own land, there are boys brought up in slums and under bad influences who seem as if they must go wrong. They are the boys who first appear before the Children's Courts, and, if these do not reform them, before the police magistrates, and at last find their way to the Borstal Institutes. Some take the right turning there, especially when the Borstal Institute is governed by men and women of sympathy, firmness, and understanding. But some do not. The Borstal Institutes have a fine record; but they have their failures.

Now, says Ceylon's Chief Commissioner of Boy Scouts, here is the opportunity in this new land to make a new start on a new plan. There is a proposal to build a Borstal Institute in Ceylon for youthful offenders. It will cost £20,000, and be an imposing building with iron gates. For less than half that sum four new Scout Colonies, each of 100 acres, could be established on Crown Land.

#### Finding Self-Respect

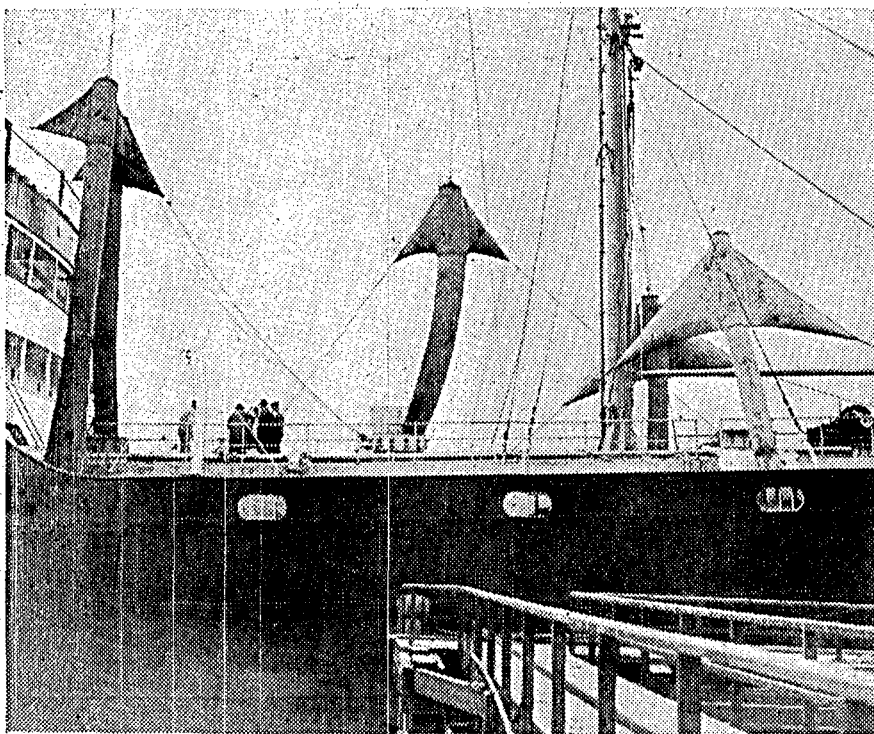
Instead of sending youthful offenders to a Borstal Institute, where, however imposing they find it, they must nevertheless feel they are convicts, distribute them over these Scout Colonies in reasonable numbers. A watchful eye will be kept on them, and they will be treated like ordinary colonists as long as they behave themselves. At the same time they will learn to build the cottages where they will live, and will be more likely to find their self-respect there than within the stone walls that make a prison.

The experiment is worth trying, and the Scout Colony, by its independence of spirit and its freedom of method, teaches more that a boy will willingly learn than what a Borstal Institute compels him to undertake.

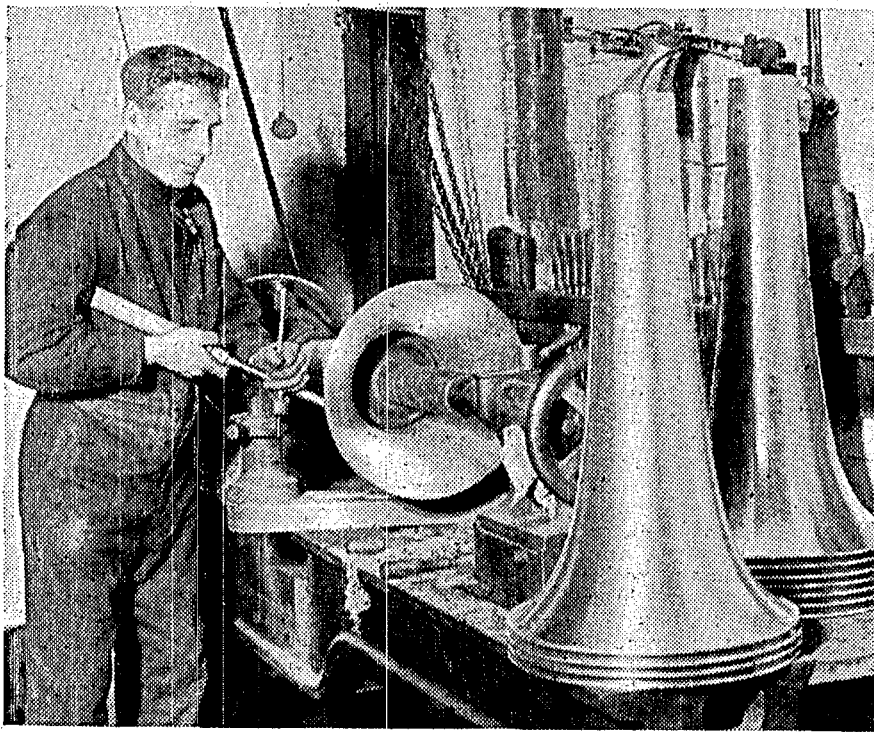
#### THE KITTEN ON THE GIRDER

For two days a kitten was stranded on a girder of an overhead railway bridge at Sunderland. Happily, when a fireman climbed over the parapet, and pushed his foot into an angle of the girders, the kitten crawled up his leg and was saved.

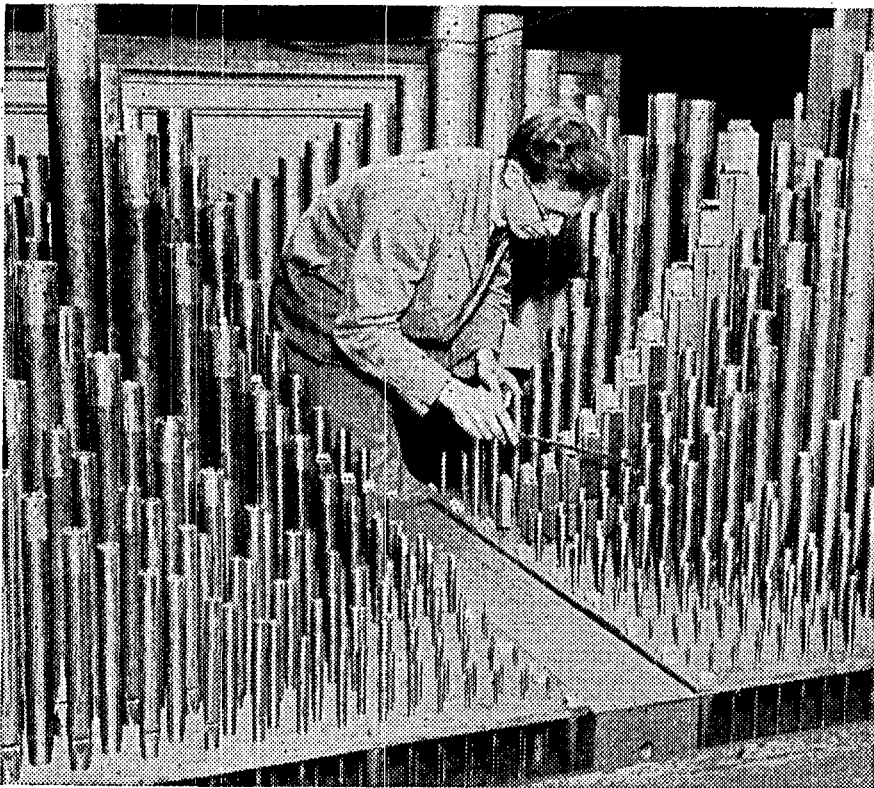
## What Are These Things?



Ventilators—Canvas pipes used to ventilate the hold of an oil tanker in Barry Docks



Musical Instruments—Turning the "bells" for big brass instruments in an Edgware factory



Organ Pipes—An organ builder among some of the 2531 pipes of a new 20-ton organ for St Cyprian's Cathedral, Kimberley. The organ is being built at Chislewick.

## AMERICA'S NATIONAL GALLERY

### Old Masters For the New World

#### BEAUTY BEYOND PRICE

At Washington a National Gallery is to arise which will compare at a modest distance with those housing the Old Masters of the Old World.

Its foundation is the collection of pictures and sculpture accumulated by Mr. Andrew Mellon from the treasure houses of Europe; and the gallery where these are to be set out is to cost Mr. Mellon another £2,000,000. Five times that amount is the value set by Lord Duveen on the collection, but none knows better than he that the price of an Old Master is what the millionaire buyer is willing to pay for it. American millionaires have long been ready to pay liberally for the pictures that have been heirlooms in the Old World for centuries.

#### Pictures From Russia

It is better to speak of the beauty of the pictures which now become the property of the American people for all time, and which because of their beauty belong no less to the whole world, whether they are in Washington or England, Paris, Rome, or Leningrad. Five have come from Russia, and are among the world's masterpieces, a Madonna by Raphael, Botticelli's Adoration of the Magi, an altarpiece by Perugino, an Annunciation by Van Eyck, and Titian's Toilet of Venus.

That is only a beginning of this feast of beauty. There is another painting by Titian of the Madonna and Child, which reminds us of one of the painter's sayings. When at the height of his fame, a prince among Italian painters, he visited Parma, which is rich in pictures by Correggio. On seeing them he said magnificently, "If I were not Titian I would be Correggio."

#### Rembrandt and Holbein

He would find reason for saying something as fine if he could see the work of the artists who are to be his companions in the new National Gallery of America. Among them are two paintings by Vermeer, who painted fewer pictures than any other Old Master, but each a masterpiece. Londoners will remember him by the portrait of a young girl which, in reproduction, was seen all over London at the time of the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House. Then there is a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, a splendid Holbein, several pictures by El Greco, the master of Toledo, and a superb portrait by Goya, who lived when Spain was as much torn by strife as now, though the enemy was then a foreign one, and the friend the British, under the Duke of Wellington.

#### A Link With the Old World

The Duke of Wellington's country has added much to Mr. Mellon's store. It parted with a famous Raphael Madonna from Panshanger House, and some of the great portraits of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence, and the landscapes of Turner and Constable. The mention of these names assures us that, though much has gone across the Atlantic, more remains behind, as anyone who will take the trouble to visit our own National Gallery may rest assured.

But it is a good thing that this young nation of America, which was still busy in building a continent after all these things of sweetness and light had been laid on canvas, should now have them to enjoy as its own. They are a link with the old countries from which British, French, Spanish, Dutch, Italians, Germans went to populate the New.

They belong to no one nation or people, but to all who desire the beautiful; and it is well that all should behold their birthright.



## WHO WANTS AN ISLAND?

### Outposts in the Atlantic

There seems to be just now a demand for small islands like that for small houses just after the war.

The demand for small houses grew because there was a demand larger than the supply of domestic servants. But the love of a small island as a home all of one's own is born in most of us. The British Isles have a number of these small offshoots of its coasts to offer.

Two famous ones among the Channel Isles, Jethou and Herm, have changed hands more than once, one of them inhabited by a German nobleman, quite lately. Horsey Island off the Essex coast still offers its 300 acres for sale.

Two islands in the Bristol Channel, Flat Holm and Steep Holm, have had fame of different kinds, one because some of the first wireless messages were exchanged from it with the mainland, the other because the proprietor of it set himself up as a sort of independent ruler. An island off the Welsh coast has lately been lent by its owner for an experiment in reducing the number of rabbits.

### Summer and Winter

But the islands off the Irish and Scottish coasts seem most in demand. Edernish Island, off Donegal, attracted 60 applicants for it before it went to a lady doctor for £1200.

That is a moderate price for one of these Atlantic outposts. There are several dearer, and a number cheaper in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. It is said that nearly all the islands of that rocky archipelago can be bought, possibly because their owners know what they are like in winter. Would-be purchasers generally go to admire them in summer.

With some good houses, and for these a higher price is asked, as happens in the Benbecula Islands belonging to the Uist group of Inverness-shire. For the 23,000 acres, the inn, the houses, and small-holdings £12,000 is asked—that is about ten shillings an acre.

Ronay Island, North Uist, offers 1500 acres, a shepherd's cottage, and 700 black-faced ewes. But the three Shiant Islands, with 600 acres, a two-roomed cottage, very early lambs, columnar basalt cliffs, caves, and the largest bird colony, would be the place for many people's money.

The choice is wide: islands big and small, wild and rugged, filled with the sound of the winds and the waves, all offer opportunity to the adventurous. They also offer freedom from the rates in addition to freedom of other kinds.

Who wants an island? Nobody need want one long: and youth is the time to enjoy it to the full.

### COMPETITION RESULT

The two prizes of ten shillings each in C N Competition Number 16 have been awarded to Ronald Chandler, 19 Benhill Road, Sutton, Surrey; and Barry Eeles, 24 Scotland Green Road, Ponders End, Middlesex, both of whom sent correct solutions.

The twelve Multiscopes were won by the following, whose attempts were next in order of merit.

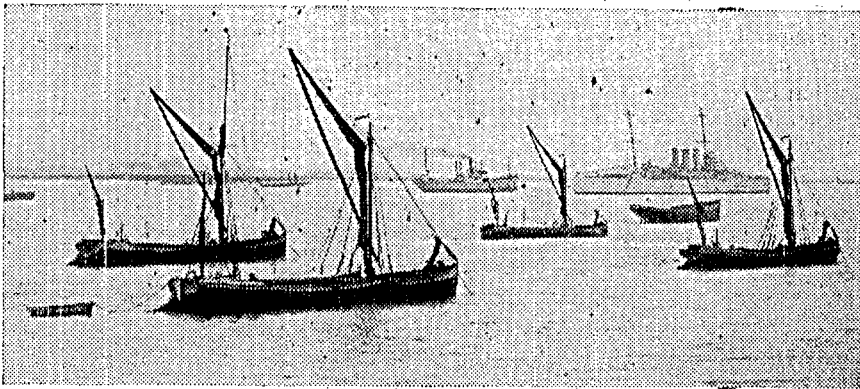
Peter Billing, Sheffield; Reginald Brawn, Smethwick; Mary Bullock, Swindon; Terence Cleeve, Bristol; Ruth Cropper, Kendal; Josephine Davis, Ely; Arthur Hunt, Birmingham; Brian Innes, Thornton Heath; Alfred L. Markham, Harrow; G. Morton, Birkenhead; Roy Parkinson, Fleetwood; D. Partington, Keynsham.

If your name has not yet appeared in a C N prize list there will be fresh opportunities. Watch the C N for more competitions.

### To C N Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol  
From Ugly Stations

## The Great Ships of the World Go By



One of our travelling correspondents has been for the first time to Gravesend, and sends us a new impression of this place known to most of us only as a place to pass through or to sail from.

HERE at Gravesend we may stand and see the ships of the world go by; on the great height of Windmill Hill we see the pageant of the Seven Seas. Here the Thames, narrowing along Erith Reach, Long Reach, and Northfleet Hope, widens out again as if stretching open arms to the sea and all that lies beyond. Into the broad stream Gravesend pushes from its weathered old front the trim pier where in the pilot's house the pilots await the passing ships.

This is the Water Gate of London where the ships that seek the Port must take on the pilot, where the medical officer must board them to give a clean bill of health before they can proceed. Less than formerly is it the place where the last farewells were said to the outward bound, but it is still the last link with England to many travellers when they depart from it, and the first contact with it when happily they return.

### Ships of All Kinds

Coming and going, all that the words mean is interpreted in the shipping which crowds the shining reach. Night and day it is ever populous and ever in movement. Every craft that sails the Seven Seas flits by—liners and tramps, tankers and barges, tugs and cargo boats, wherries and yachts. There are more than 200 pilots in the town compulsorily engaged to guide vessels above a certain tonnage through the winding tide-swept channels of a very difficult river. One pilot we know has piloted a ship 3000 times. So we may count the pilot boats first in our survey of Gravesend's daily Armada.

Some take vessels up to London, others see them as far as Dover, a few to Southampton. Most of the great shipping lines run on a timetable, and the pilot knows when to expect his ship, but if a vessel needs a Gravesend pilot she flies a flag by day and a blue light by night. The pilot, who belongs to a powerful Guild, is a comfortable man with a weighty air of authority that even a ship's captain cannot surpass. He has his own smart cutter or launch. He boards the ship with proper ceremony, as befits a man who, till his work is done, is the supreme authority on it. The sight of the pilot's cutter going out to capture the big ship is one that never loses a touch of romance.

### Tilbury Docks

Nothing can sweep romance from the sea, neither steam which has changed the shape of the ships; nor oil which has altered them still more, and which, as the sole fuel for aeroplanes also, fore-shadows a day when a steamship may actually become a 20th century relic.

But that time is not yet, nor does it seem possible in Gravesend Reach, where the whole world of trade, commerce, and adventure seems to come to a focus. On the other side of the river are Tilbury Docks, where the biggest liners find berths, and out of which on every Friday the biggest P and O liners set out for Australia or the East.

Knowledgeable people sunning themselves on the promenade can spend pleasant hours in identifying the liners.

But only a pilot could tell all the lore of the river, picking out as they pass the vessels whose flags or build speak to him of a thousand different voyages. There go the liners which will pick up another pilot when they reach the Hooghly River, or will drop anchor at Hong Kong. There are others dropping down the river which will pass down the west coast of Africa and sight Table Mountain and pass through the Roaring Forties before they touch at Fremantle.

### Cargoes From Many Lands

There are ships coming up bringing soldiers and civilians on long leave from India, which have crossed the Indian Ocean and steamed through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal on their way, and Englishmen may remember with a touch of pride that at every port of call they have seen the British flag flying.

But these are only part of the flotilla of Gravesend Reach. There are the cargo boats steaming under every flag, though that of our own country outnumber the others. They bear riches of every kind. There are the Dutch boats with black and white hulls, broad in the beam and high in the bow, which bring back from Groningen the pulp and cartridge paper into which they have converted the waste paper of London. There are the colliers bearing fuel for London's power stations. (Often the old Wandle, which played a seaman's part in the war, will be among them.) There are timber ships from Scandinavia, oil tankers from every oilfield.

Unromantic cargoes these, one might say, but there are other ships, with tales to tell of freights brought from the forests of South America, Africa, and Asia, or from cultivated lands won from the jungle. Once the China tea clippers raced up Gravesend Reach. Their sails are furled for ever, but the steamships still bring tea from China, Formosa, Ceylon, the rain-drenched fields of Assam, or India's northern plains.

### Never-Ceasing Traffic

If we could peer into the holds of these ships we might see spread out before us our country's food department. There is coffee and sugar; pepper and nutmegs and cloves from the Spice Islands; peaches and grapes from South Africa, apples and oranges from Palestine or Australia, mutton from New Zealand, beef from the Argentine.

All are going up to the London docks with rubber and tobacco to keep them company, and, packed with the rest, ivory from mid-Africa, and ostrich feathers, and all the things that luxury demands or wealth can buy. The traffic never seems to cease, yet time and tide impose a breathing space on the moving picture, for sail has not entirely vanished from the sea.

Dull her streets may be, but romance and beauty are the inalienable heritage of Gravesend Reach, and her days of adventure are not yet ended, for down the stream from London Port may slip another Discovery or another Quest, voyaging, like Ulysses, to seek the unmapped lands and oceans of the globe.

## THE WONDER OF A BRAIN WAVE

### Sounds Across the Ocean

It seems that brain waves can cross the ocean and make themselves heard.

These are not the thoughts which spread among men, but those electric waves always pulsing out from the covering of the brain, which have become a widespread study among some American scientists. Two of these, Dr Edward Train and Dr Abraham Gottlober, have just announced that the brain waves of no two people are alike.

These brain waves begin early with children, and become more regular as they grow up to men and women. They flow out from the brain, sleeping and waking, becoming more regular as sleep deepens. But even in deep sleep there are bursts of waves. They fly out in ripples 8 to 15 a second. The heart beat has no connection with them. They are just discharges of the electricity flowing along the nerves.

The most astonishing thing in the study of them is the power of the microphone and the amplifier to make them heard. These instruments, which can magnify sound a million times, can make audible the sound of the electric impulses travelling along a nerve.

For example, says Professor Carl Scashure, if we bend our forefinger the nerve impulses travel along it to keep it bent. They are really like electric currents. They can be picked up by the microphone, converted into sound waves, and magnified to give a tone as loud as a man can roar.

These sound waves can be sent round the world by wireless, and return to us while we are still keeping our finger bent. Still more wonderful feats can be performed by the same means. An increase of activity in the brain can be picked up and converted into sound, so that we can detect the exact moment when anyone sees a light or has a dream.

Thus, says the professor, if he is sleeping in a hotel in London his brain waves can be relayed to his laboratory in New York, and there, by examining their rapidity, his assistant could say whether he was sleeping peacefully or having a nightmare!

### ANDREW PLIMER AND HIS MINIATURES

A little-known portrait painter died a century ago this month. He never won great popularity, but he did excellent work, and collectors of miniatures pay high prices for his portraits.

He was Andrew Plimer, born at Bridgwater in Somerset in 1763. He died at Brighton on January 29, 1837, and left the world a series of miniatures which have increased in value since his death. Notable people found their way to his London studio in Golden Square; and among the finest examples of his paintings are portraits of William Windham, in the South Kensington Museum, and (perhaps the best of all his miniatures) a lovely group of three girls, daughters of Sir John Rushout.

### 25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of January 1912

**Could Fog Stop the Petrol Supply?** Petrol, a spirit obtained by refining petroleum, a mineral oil obtained from the depths of the earth, is one of the new forces of the world, yet the vast number of motor vehicles now in existence depend almost entirely upon it. London has therefore been startled to hear that a three-days fog over the Thames might bring about a petrol famine in the capital. Petrol is so inflammable that it is not safe to store large quantities in or near London.

Capitalists, however, propose, if they get permission, to bring petrol from Thames Haven to London (32 miles) by pipe.



## TWIN STARS IN THE HIGH HEAVENS

### Slow Progress of the Planet Pluto

#### THE TERRIFIC VOID BEYOND

By the C N Astronomer

The splendid constellation of Gemini, the celestial Twins, is now almost overhead late in the evening, the two superb first-magnitude stars Castor and Pollux being readily recognised, even in the presence of moonlight, a little way south of the zenith about 9 o'clock and toward the east earlier in the evening. The other more prominent stars of Gemini may be easily seen and identified with the aid of the accompanying star-map, though, of course, a dark moonless night is necessary in order to appreciate the glories of this rich region.

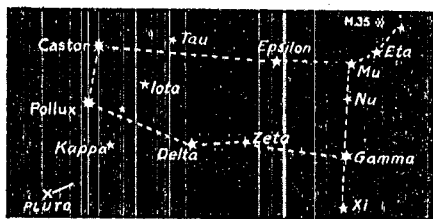
The strange and wayward little world of Pluto is in this area, and almost in a line with Castor and Pollux, as indicated by the X on the star-map. Pluto cannot be seen by the unaided eye, a powerful telescope being needed to reveal this farthest known planet.

#### A Long, Long Year

The progress of Pluto through the heavens since this time last year is indicated by the short line, and now Pluto has entered the constellation of Cancer, the Crab, which it will take about ten years to traverse. Venus would do it in ten days, so slow is Pluto's apparent motion. It can thus be seen why Pluto takes 247½ years to complete a circuit of the heavens in his orbit. An annual event on that remote world would therefore take all this time to come round again. What a time to wait for a birthday!

Pluto appears to be about half the diameter of our world. His distance is so immense, at present about 3338 million miles, that the Sun would shine only as a brilliant star in his sky, but nevertheless giving much more light than our Full Moon gives us. Conditions on Pluto must therefore be very strange and frigid if there is no other source of warmth, either from its interior or from radio-active elements.

Now, were we able to scan the stellar heavens from Pluto they would appear the same as they do to us: Gemini, Orion, the Plough, and other familiar



The constellation of Gemini, showing the position of Pluto.

groupings would appear as we see them. The immense span of space between us and Pluto being relatively so small as compared with that to the starry realms beyond, only by telescopic magnification could any changes in relative positions be detected. Even the bright star Pollux which is 2,025,000 times farther than our Sun, and so some 56,250 times farther off than Pluto, would appear the same as to us.

We may thus realise how vast is the void between the outer limits of our Solar System and even one of the nearest of the multitude of great suns in the limitless depths beyond Pluto; for whereas Pluto is but 36 times farther from us than our Sun, which averages some 93 million miles, we should have to travel beyond Pluto for 56,250 times his distance before reaching the next visible object that we know of in that direction. This is the great sun Pollux, which radiates about 28 times more light and heat than our Sun and is coming nearer to us at an average rate of about 240 miles a minute. G. F. M.

## PANTOMIMES

Pantomimes have a glamour all their own. The best of them are among the brightest entertainments of dark days, and the astonishing thing is that old as well as young enjoy them. Sometimes, indeed, we suspect that the mothers and fathers who give their children a treat at the pantomime enjoy the show as much as anyone.

Originally pantomimes had neither music, nor words. They were dumb shows, the Greek and Roman pantomimes being silent from beginning to end. By the 17th century pantomimes had become a kind of traditional ballet in France; but it was not till early in the 18th century that pantomimes as we know them today became popular.

#### Pantaloon and Harlequin

In English pantomime there has long been Pantaloon, a comic figure thought to have come from Venice, and usually shown as the father of very troublesome daughters. Shakespeare calls him lean and slippered, a reference to his quaint dress, which in his day included skin-tight trousers and a long gaberline.

Harlequin in the old days was supposed to be invisible to all but his faithful Columbine. He was a merry sprite who danced through the world frustrating the knavish tricks of Clown; and there is little doubt that he came from the Italian stage.

Pantomimes have changed much in recent years. They are becoming more and more like revues, and less and less like the simple comedies they used to be with their laughter and rough play. But the old themes remain, and we still have Jack and the Beanstalk, Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, Cinderella, Dick Whittington, and the Babes in the Wood.

#### Jack and the Beanstalk

It would never do to go to a pantomime in a serious mood, but it is interesting to know that behind the familiar figures and stories are old meanings. Jack and the Beanstalk, for example, is a variation of a theme known the world over, as familiar to Zulus as to Icelanders. The beanstalk is the famous ash tree Yggdrasil of the Teutonic nature myth. The giant is All-Father, who keeps three treasures, a harp which typifies the wind, treasure-bags which typify rain, and the red hen which laid the golden egg, a symbol of the life-giving sun. Jack, the hero of the myth, is of course mankind trying to win power.

Something of the same idea is behind Aladdin. The story goes back to the Arabian Nights, and the lamp is the source of wealth and power. Once again the idea of winning riches appears in Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves and in Sinbad the Sailor; and the theme is worked out, though in a very different fashion, in Dick Whittington and his cat.

#### The Story of Cinderella

Behind all the fun of the pantomime Babes in the Wood is the sad story of two children who, it is believed, died of starvation. But best of all pantomimes is Cinderella, which seems to teach us that humble service well and truly done receives its reward. The story comes from the East. It became a favourite in Germany in the 16th century, and won popularity when retold by Perrault. Curiously enough, the glass slipper is a notion we owe to incorrect translation. It was fur, not glass, but no pantomime today would be complete without the shining slipper.

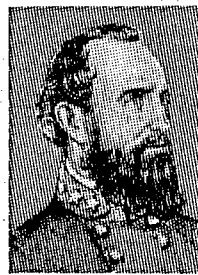
## A GOOD MAN ON THE WRONG SIDE

### Stonewall Jackson

#### WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY IF IT IS NEXT WEEK

Jan. 17. John Ray, the naturalist, died . . . 1705  
18. Henry VII married Elizabeth of York . . . 1486  
19. Edgar Allan Poe born at Boston, USA . . . 1809  
20. First English Parliament at Westminster . . . 1265  
21. Stonewall Jackson born at Clarksburg . . . 1824  
22. Francis Bacon born in London . . . 1561  
23. Gustave Doré died in Paris . . . 1883

GENERAL THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, known best by his nickname "Stonewall," was an American soldier who fought in the great American Civil War on the wrong side, but was so good and staunch that all men, even those he opposed, regarded him with respect.



He was born in the 'slave State of Virginia, and was trained for the army. His service in the Mexican wars singled him out for generalship when the Civil War on the slavery question began, and he fought with a stubborn courage that won him the name Stonewall.

He had always been kind and helpful to the slaves of his native State, and they rallied round him though he was commanding against the cause of freedom. His statue in Richmond was erected by a negro congregation.

At the close of a terrible battle in which he had been victorious he was shot by mistake at dusk by his own men.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

There is plenty of interesting fare in the first week of the new term's broadcasts to schools, beginning next Monday.

The dramatic reading from Abraham Lincoln on Tuesday will show us not only Lincoln the man, but a good picture of the conditions with which he was struggling.

As a youth Professor J. B. S. Haldane spent a great deal of time in assisting his father, Dr J. S. Haldane, in his laboratory. On Friday we are to hear a number of interesting things which happened in connection with Dr Haldane's experiments.

#### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Leguminous Plants: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Junior Music—Major Scale (Revision); Simple Quadruple Time: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 History in the Making. 2.5 Feeding Birds in Winter: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Dramatic reading from John Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln. 3.0 Concert Lesson by Thomas Armstrong—The Art of Schubert.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Wild Men Invade the Roman Empire: by Naomi Mitchison. 2.30 Biology: Winter Activity, by A. D. Peacock. THURSDAY, 11.30 The West Indies: by L. Dudley Stamp. 2.5 How Shall We Build Our House? by G. M. Boumphey. 2.30 Printed Books and News: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Nyasaland: by T. Cullen Young. 2.30 Topical Talk. 3.0 A Story for Miming—Hans Andersen's The Nightingale. 3.20 Music Interlude by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Some Adventures of a Physiologist: by J. B. S. Haldane.

#### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—The Heart of the Scottish Farmlands. 2.30 English Literature—Scenes from Dickens.

TUESDAY, 11.30 As National. 2.5 Scotland's Workshops.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 and 2.30 As National. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.30 As National. 2.5 News Review. 2.20 Time and Tune—What Do You Remember? by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 Scottish History—England and Scotland.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—Intonation: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Concert—Mendelssohn. 3.10 Nature Study—A Winter Walk in the Woods. 2.35 As National.

## Join up now with the Happy Healthy OVALTINEYS



Every boy and girl should join the League of Ovaltineys. It has been established by the makers of 'Ovaltine' to give happiness to children everywhere. Many thousands of children are wearing the handsome bronze badge and are having the jolliest times with the secret high-signs, signals and code. Fill up the form below without delay.

## POST THIS TO-DAY

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,  
184 Queen's Gate,  
London, S.W.7

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule-book of the League.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

Children's Newspaper, (Write in BLOCK letters)  
16.1.37



# THE SIDE LINE

## A Railway Mystery

By Harold Avery

### CHAPTER 19

#### Whither Bound?

THE surprise of being captured just when it seemed that they had made good their escape gave Hugh and Joyce a shock from which it took them some time to recover.

"You would—would you!" growled Brunt, as Joe Perth made an attempt to wriggle out of his grasp.

The man raised his clenched fist, and would certainly have struck the boy a heavy blow if Stephen Hamble had not stepped between them.

"None of that!" he ordered sharply. "We've had enough of your rough stuff already." He had seen one person left for dead by the side of the railway as the result of Brunt's ferocity.

"I warned you not to make trouble," he said, turning to the captives. "You wouldn't do as you were told, and you'll have to take the consequences. Keep quiet or you'll get your necks broken."

"And a good job if they were," growled Brunt. "What do you suppose you're going to do with them? If you let them go we shall have the whole village after us in less than half an hour."

Hamble made no reply. What should be done with the prisoners was a difficult problem, and he needed time to think.

"There's only one thing as far as I can see," began Brunt. "We'll have to take them back to Ashwood, and this time we'll put all three of 'em down in the cellar. What's more, we'll tie 'em up. You can leave that to me, and I'll warrant they won't get out again."

"We can't do that; we haven't got the time. It's a question now if we shan't miss the tide, and all because of that old block-head and his pony."

"You should have let me knock him on the head," muttered Brunt, "then there'd have been none of that waiting about."

"We can't waste time going back to Ashwood," said Hamble. "We shall have to take them with us."

"What—across to France!" exclaimed Brunt.

"No; to Wedmouth. We can put them in that shed on the wharf. Oh, I'll see to it that they won't get loose again till we are out of the country."

At first Brunt did not approve of the plan, but he must have realised that time was pressing, and that to go back to Ashwood would be courting disaster.

"Very well," he growled; "but you'd better make it clear before we start that I won't stand any more nonsense. If they so much as make a sound I'll give 'em something to keep 'em quiet."

Too scared to make any protest, the prisoners were led to where the plate-layer's trolley had been left standing on the line. They were ordered to "get on board," and a moment later were sitting huddled together on the front of the trolley.

"I warn you lads that if either of you tries to give us the slip he won't have gone far before I bring him down," said Brunt, then, turning to Joyce, he told her to give him her torch.

"I suppose this is what your brother was using that night he came to lock the station door, and him and I played a game of hide-and-seek."

"Was it you?" asked Hugh.

"Oh, it was me right enough," replied Brunt, with a mirthless chuckle. "I was crouching under the ticket-office counter, and you'd have seen me if you'd come farther into the room. Good thing for you you didn't. After you'd gone I got out through the window."

"No more talk," interrupted Hamble impatiently. "That boat won't wait for long after the tide's past the flood. They'll think something has gone wrong and that we aren't coming."

To Joyce it seemed a nightmare journey, and one which was never going to end. She fancied that half the night must have passed before they arrived at the tunnel, and by the time they reached the Hanley Park crossing she was stiff with sitting so long in the same position. Leaving Hamble to guard the captives, Brunt disappeared, taking with him a coil of rope. An age went by, then at last the man came back from the lake dragging behind him the last of the figure-heads. With his powerful arms he lifted it over the stile, and Hamble helped to stow it on the trolley. "There was little room now for the three prisoners, but Joyce found it a relief to be able to rest her back against the head and shoulders of the wooden image.

"They'll switch off on to a siding just before we get to Wedmouth station," whispered Joe. "They'll be able to run this trolley right down to the old wharf. It's where the coasting ketches used to land coal and timber when the railway was working."

A salt smell in the air was what first made the two Draytons aware that they were nearing the end of the journey. Then came the lap and gurgle of the sea itself, as the trolley stopped halfway along the wharf. A damp mist made the darkness deeper. The mast of a sailing boat and the shadowy outline of a shed were the only objects Hugh could make out in the gloom. He turned and whispered in Joe's ear: "Well, here we are, and they can't take us any farther."

### CHAPTER 20

#### On the Rocks

JOYCE and the two boys were told to get off the trolley, and as they did so footsteps were heard along the wharf.

"So you've come at last," growled a deep voice. "It's time we cast off; the tide turned an hour ago, and it's coming on thick. Great guns! Who's this you've brought with you?"

Leaving Stephen Hamble to answer the question, Brunt pushed the three captives across the wharf and into the shed. As he did so he pressed the stud of the electric torch, and Joyce had a momentary glimpse of her old bugbear the Saracen, beside which stood another figure which it was easy to recognise as being what Jack had called the Admiral.

"Get into that corner, and don't stir out of it," snarled Brunt.

Not daring to ask any questions, the captives waited while the figure-heads were carried, one by one, to the boat. The two men who formed her crew gave Brunt their assistance, Hamble keeping guard over the prisoners. Presently the work was done; Hamble stepped out on to the wharf, closing the door of the shed behind him. A low murmur of voices told that the four men were trying to decide some question. "What are they waiting for?" Hugh muttered.

Joe Perth crept to the door and put his ear to a crack in the boards. He listened, then came back walking on tip-toe.

"They don't know what to do with us, that's what's bothering them," he whispered. "It's just struck them that, even if they leave us tied and gagged, we might manage to make enough noise to be heard."

"But they'd be out at sea by that time." "Yes, but when once the alarm was given there'd be wireless messages flying about. They might get a destroyer or some other Government ship swooping down on them before they were halfway to France."

Outside the murmur of voices continued, then suddenly they became silent. One of the boatmen began to move stealthily away from the group as if to get a clearer view of something which had attracted his attention; a minute passed, then back he came in hot haste.

"All aboard!" he said breathlessly. What caused the panic Joe and the Draytons never knew. Hamble seemed the only man who kept his head.

"We can't leave those youngsters here," he snapped. "We must take them with us." He burst into the shed, followed by Brunt. The prisoners were seized, rushed along the wharf, and hustled down slippery steps into a big open boat, the sails of which had been lowered. Word was given to cast off the moorings, and a few moments later the wharf seemed to drift away into the mist, as a throbbing sound showed that an auxiliary motor engine had been started.

"Get for'ard, out of the way!" ordered Brunt.

The prisoners stumbled past the figure-heads which had been stowed amidships, and seated themselves on a thwart to which the mast was stepped.

"They'll need to keep a sharp look-out in this fog till they're past the Barrow," said Joe.

"What's that?" asked Hugh.

"It's a little island about a mile out in the bay. There's a reef of rocks sticking out, and it was on them the Juno was wrecked, the ship from which old Mr Medworth got one of his figure-heads."

The boat began to rise and fall to the heave of the sea. Leaning against one another for mutual support, Joyce and the two boys fell to wondering if they were being taken to France, and what would happen to them when they got there;

then their attention was attracted by a dispute between Hamble and the man who was acting as skipper. Hamble, it appeared, had no intention of carrying the prisoners across the Channel; his wish was to return as soon as the coast was clear and land them on the wharf. To this the boatman objected; he was not going to run the risk of venturing back into the danger zone. Brunt sided with his employer, and seemed inclined to take charge of the boat. There was a scuffle, and a shout for help from the skipper. "Hi, Jim—lay aft!"

The look-out left his post in answer to the call. In vain Hamble tried to prevent what threatened to become a free fight; threats and abuse drowned the purr of the motor.

#### Crash!

So violent was the shock that Joyce and the boys were flung from the thwart on which they were sitting. The four men had been scattered like ninepins, and a shout of dismay told that one of them had fallen overboard.

"They've run her on the reef. I thought we must be getting near the Barrow," gasped Joe, as he scrambled to his feet. "She's been badly holed, I'll warrant. We must get ashore. If she slips back off the ledge she's on she'll go down in deep water."

A few seconds later Joyce found herself standing on the rocks, though how she got there she hardly knew. Hamble and Brunt were apparently making some attempt to rescue the man who had gone overboard. There was a crashing of timber as a receding wave dragged the boat from the rift in which her bows had been wedged. For a moment she could be seen wallowing in the sea, then she was lost to view in the mist.

"We'd better get off this reef," cried Joe; "but we shall have to be careful, the seaweed makes it slippery."

Hugh gave a hand to his sister. Slowly they crept along, step by step, till they reached the shore end of the reef. They plodded over a ridge of pebbles and found themselves at the foot of a cliff, which, as far as they could make out, would not be difficult to climb.

"It'll be precious cold staying here till morning," said Joe. "There's a lot of fern and gorse bushes on the island, and we'd get more shelter up there, I reckon."

He led the way up what seemed the beginning of a well-defined path. Joyce and Hugh crept after him, but soon the climb became steeper, and their leader called a halt.

"I don't think it's safe to try to get any farther," he said. "In daylight we shall be able to see where we're going. There's a bit of a cave here where we can stop till morning."

He had found a recess in the rock which did not seem much larger than one of the manholes in Gratton tunnel, but it was big enough for the trio to sit huddled together on what felt like a floor of dry sand. For a time they listened for voices, anxious to know what had become of the boat, then, worn out with the strain and excitement, they fell asleep.

Hugh woke with a start, wondering where he was, then he became conscious that it was daylight, the fog had disappeared, and Joe was bending over him.

"Keep quiet; Hamble and Brunt are down on the beach. They look as if they'd swum ashore, and been down there all night. I can't see any sign of the boat."

Creeping forward on his hands and knees, Hugh peeped over the edge of the path which formed the threshold of the cave. Not more than 30 feet below him were the two men, standing on the pebbles as if undecided where to go. He crawled back to warn Joyce. Almost before he had been able to make her understand what had happened Joe Perth grabbed him by the arm.

"Look out, sir; they're coming up."

With bated breath they listened to footsteps clambering up the path; and now a voice could be heard.

"As for those youngsters, it's a good job they've all been drowned," Brunt was saying. "Now no one need ever know we took 'em!"

In another ten seconds the enemy would reach the mouth of the cave, and then they must be seen. Joyce's face was as white as a sheet, and Joe's grip tightened on Hugh's arm.

"Hullo! Look at that!"

The words had been spoken by Hamble, his voice rising almost to a shout. From the silence that followed it was easy to guess that the two men had stopped, and were gazing at something they had not noticed before. The next moment they had turned and were clattering down the rocky path.

"They've gone back to the beach!" gasped Joe Perth.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO MEANS WELL

MOTHER JACKO was worried nearly crazy. The influenza epidemic had come to Monkeyville, and one after another the whole family was going down with it. Father Jacko and Adolphus had it first; then Baby got it. Mother Jacko didn't know which way to turn. And, to add to her worries, Jacko was behaving as badly as only he could. When she could stand his nonsense

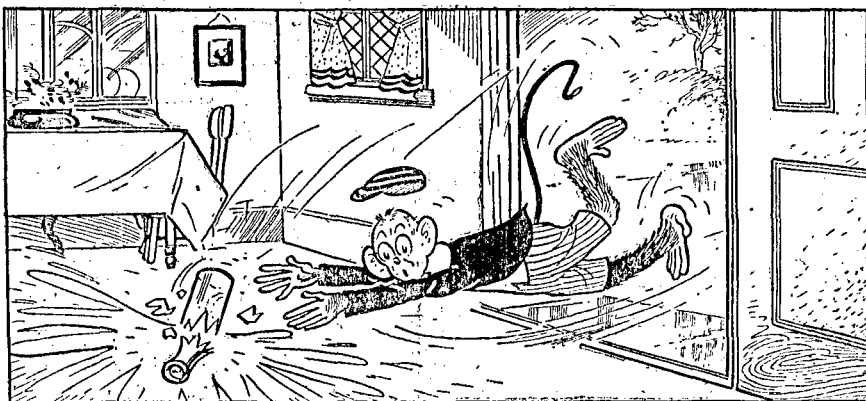
said: "Thank you, dear. You have been a real help."

"I'm going to be better still to-morrow," boasted Jacko.

Sure enough, in the morning he was down almost as soon as it was light. He ran into the kitchen, lit the fire, and put the kettle on to boil.

"Now, what's next," he muttered.

"I know. The milk."



With a wild yell down he went

no longer she turned him out of the house and shut the door on him.

He went off grinning. But at dinner-time he came back looking unusually subdued. "I'm sorry, Mater," he said. "I'm going to be a real help to you."

Mother Jacko eyed him suspiciously.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said.

"You can begin now," she added.

"Run to the chemist's and bring me some glycerine for Baby's chest."

Jacko went off like the wind—and was back in no time.

He was as good as gold all the rest of the day. When bedtime came his mother patted him on the shoulder and

The milk was on the step as usual, in two big bottles.

Jacko was feeling fine. He picked them up, and swung them round and round, like dumbbells.

Unfortunately it was a very cold morning—so cold that the step was one sheet of ice.

Jacko's feet began to slide. With a wild yell down he went. The bottles shot out of his hand, and crashed on to Mother Jacko's newly-scrubbed floor. You never saw such a mess!

"And that's what comes of making good resolutions," Jacko muttered, as he picked himself up.



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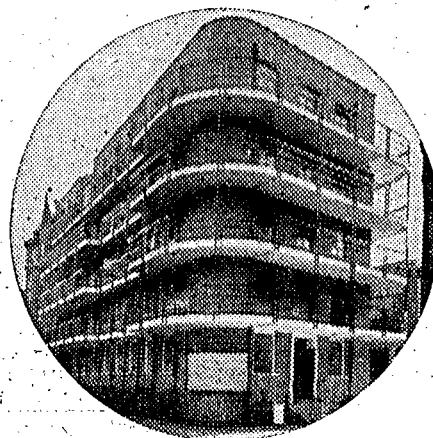
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## THE BRAN TUB

Read This  
CAN you make any sense of the letters shown here?

C C  
S A W

Read in the right way they form a perfectly sensible sentence. It has nothing whatever to do with a see-saw.

Answer next week

### A Tongue Twister

TOM TYE tried his tie twice to tie, But, tugging too tight, tore the tie.  
Tom turned to Ted Tye, Then told Ted to try To tie the tie Tom tried to tie.

### This Week in Nature

THE female mottled umber moth may be seen creeping on tree trunks. This brown-coloured insect does not fly, and travels slowly for distances so short that six inches is quite a long journey. The male of this species is generally of a light brown colour with two bold darker brown bands across the upper wings. The lower ones bear tiny black spots.

### A Gross of Grocers

IF tailors nine but make a man, I'd greatly like to know, sir, Observing still the selfsame plan, How many make a gross, sir.

### A Sixpenny Fact

GET your friends to draw a line which they think is equal in length to the circumference of a sixpence. It will be surprising how far away from the correct length many of them will be.

Actually the distance round a sixpence is longer than the news columns of the C.N. pages are wide.

### Ici on Parle Français



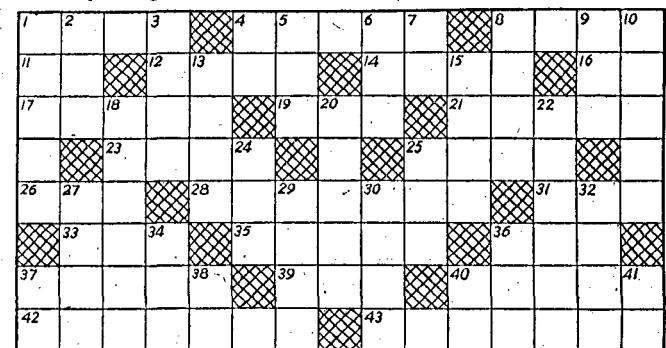
Les patins La rivière La luge  
skates river toboggan  
La rivière est gelée. Jack va essayer ses patins neufs. Elsie a sa luge.

The river is frozen. Jack is going to try his new skates. Elsie has her toboggan.

## The CN Cross Word Puzzle

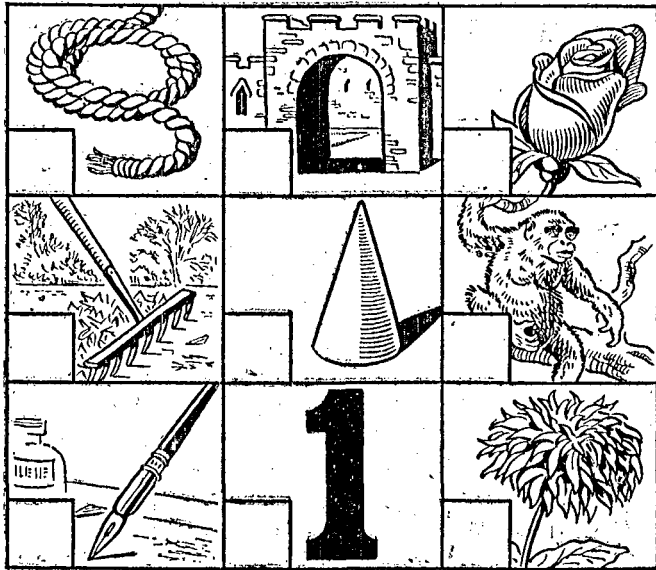
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week.

Reading Across. 1. A letter. 4. A flat-bottomed boat. 8. A mass of rocks near the surface. 11. Indefinite article. 12. To encourage. 14. Opposite to beautiful. 16. French for the. 17. To gaze in surprise. 19. A common timber tree. 21. A dye obtained from coal-tar products. 23. A heavenly body. 25. A compound preposition. 26. Fruit with a hard covering. 28. Overpowers. 31. A fairy. 33. A snare. 35. A narrow opening between hills. 36. And so on. 37. Wheat stalks. 39. A limb. 40. Mineral substance used for polishing metals. 42. Cubical content of a ship in tons. 43. Made fast.



Reading Down. 1. A circular dish. 2. An emmet. 3. To start suddenly. 4. To exist. 5. Devoured. 6. A sticky substance. 7. For example. 8. A Hindu cultivator of the soil. 9. High Priest of Israel. 10. A notion. 13. A ray of light. 15. A glass of a telescope. 18. Behind a ship. 20. French standard measure of capacity. 22. Gentler. 24. Torn piece of cloth. 25. Wrath. 27. To. 29. A flat fish. 30. Ova. 32. A land measure. 34. Sunburn. 38. A big Australian bird. 37. Saint. 38. Western Australia. 40. London postal district. 41. Yard.

## Change the Words and Make a Name



CHANGE the word represented by each of these pictures by adding an initial letter to make a new word. The new initials in the order in which they appear should spell the name of a famous British statesman.

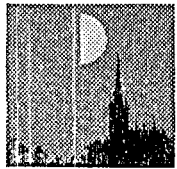
Answer next week

### It Would Not Do

LECTURER: You should throw yourself with fervour into your work.  
Listener: Not me, guv'nor. My job's digging wells.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Saturn are in the South-West and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Mars is in the South. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, January 19.



### An Examination

A CLASS was having an examination, and one of the questions was, Give some of the properties of familiar metals. One examination paper, from a boy near the bottom of the class, read: Lead sinks, gold rings, copper coils, brass bowls, iron pipes, tin cans.

### An Enigma

STAND by the sea-beat shore, Listen to the billows roar, Mark where yon white wings soar, There will you see me.  
Sit by the cottage hearth, Hark what soft sounds have birth, Mingling with childhood's mirth, There will you hear me.

Answer next week

### Can You Spell?

THE following sentence was once dictated by Lord Palmerston to eleven of his fellow Cabinet Ministers, not one of whom spelled all the words correctly:

*It is disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato.*

### A Great Invention

GOD bless the man who first invented sleep. So Sancho Panza said, and so say I. And bless him, also, that he didn't keep His great discovery to himself, or try To make it—as the lucky fellow might—A close monopoly by patent right.

## NATURE'S NAMESAKES



### Riddle-Me-See

ELEVEN letters I contain; And now if you would find the same, Know that a figment of the brain Will straightway help you to my name.

Answer next week

Those Who Come & Those Who Go  
HERE are the figures for births and deaths in 10 towns for the four weeks up to December 26, compared with the corresponding weeks in 1935.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1936	BIRTHS 1935	DEATHS 1936	DEATHS 1935
London	4223	4061	3870	4462
Glasgow	1500	1595	1331	1606
Liverpool	1250	1185	850	1134
Birmingham	1138	991	909	1076
Edinburgh	474	495	506	501
Cardiff	243	228	208	211
Plymouth	173	193	195	201
Brighton	125	148	145	174
Ipswich	91	101	92	74
Tynemouth	91	90	64	64

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Time Was It? A quarter to one  
Built-Up Word Ass-ass-in  
What Am I? Asp, a, sugar—Asparagus.

## Five-Minute Story

### The Lion Tamers

CECIL and Betty watched the busy circus people as they packed up their tents and moved off in a slow procession of wagons and cages toward the next village.

The children had seen the wonderful performance that day and both longed to join the circus as lion tamers. Suddenly Cecil's eyes lit up.

"I have an idea, Betty," he said. "Let us follow the circus. We will not show ourselves till night, then in the morning we'll show them what we can do."

Betty smiled. "Yes—but how?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll think of a way," said Cecil. "Besides, Uncle Dick won't think of looking for us so far from home!"

So the children trudged for miles along the country road behind—some way behind—the circus.

Betty began to feel very tired. "I do wish they would stop," she said. "It's quite dark now."

Just as she spoke the rattling procession came to a halt. They were on the outskirts of a big village. Cecil and Betty watched from a distance while the circus moved slowly into a big field. Men shouted orders and the great beasts roared. After a time silence fell and the children came near.

"Let's creep below a caravan and wait a little longer," said Cecil.

So they lay down on a heap of hay under a caravan, and before long both were fast asleep.

Cecil was awakened by a strange crunching noise. He lay quietly and listened. Suddenly he gave a wild yell as a warm, soft body hurled itself at him and settled on his chest. Two great green eyes glared down at him in the darkness.

"Oh, help!" screamed Betty, starting up. "A lion has escaped!"

The circus people rushed out to know what was wrong, but no one could see in the darkness and confusion.

A light was brought, and on Cecil's chest sat—a large yellow cat with a bone in its jaws! The children had taken its bed and it had objected.

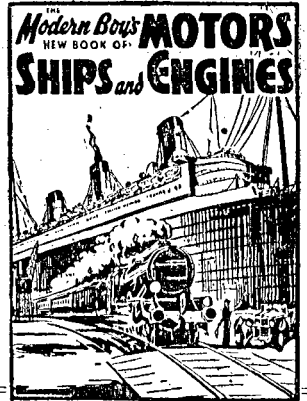
Everyone was talking at once and asking questions when a car drove up and out jumped Uncle Dick.

"So here you are!" he said. "What does it all mean?"

Betty explained in a small voice, while the circus people laughed at the new lion tamers.

"I'm sorry they have given you all this trouble," said Uncle Dick. "But I don't think they want to be lion tamers now!"

Cecil and Betty agreed.



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